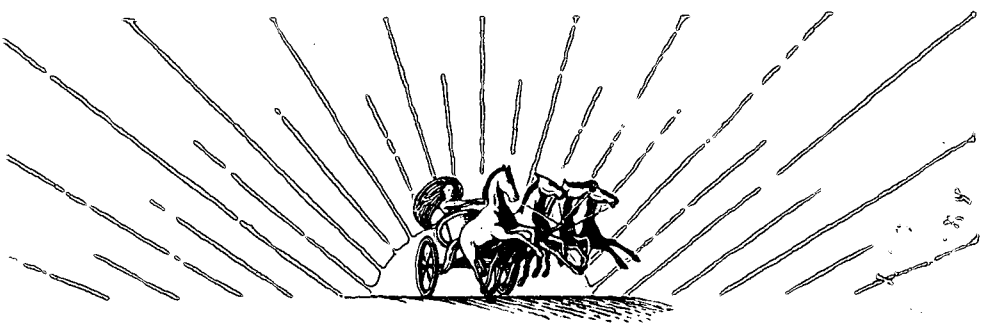

THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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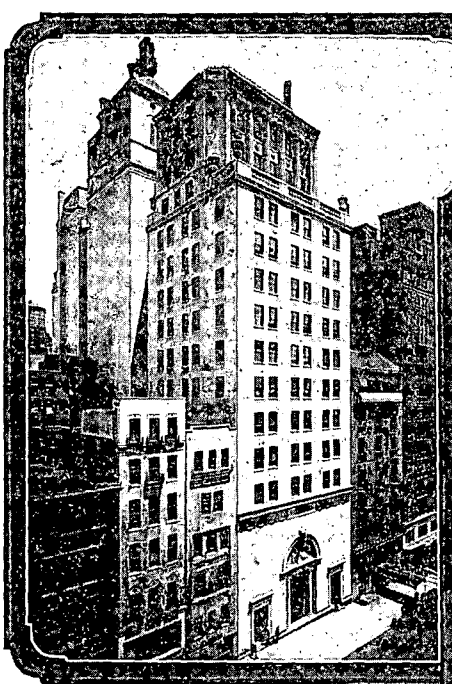

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THE LIVING AGE Published weekly. Publication office, RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass 15c a copy, $5 00 a year; foreign postage $1 50. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N H, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

April 3, 1926

THE GIST OF LOCARNO. What are the defects of the Locarno Treaty as an instrument of peace in Europe? Define the special nature of its contribution. Has the author of this article a peculiar authority in international affairs? Summarize what you know of his career.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE. Comment on the author's criticism of French Parliamentary manners. How does he account for the shortcomings of the average Frenchman as a citizen of a modern democratic state? Re-state his objections to a dictatorship.

ECONOMIC READJUSTMENT. Why is the restoration of the gold-standard in England not responsible for her business depression? Summarize the author's criticism of the unemployment dole. What important facts must be chiefly considered in the problem of economic reconstruction?

DIPLOMACY—A JAPANESE OPINION. Explain the effect of democratic institutions on diplomatic methods. Do you agree with the author that democracy is consistent with international security? Explain: (1) 'Louis Napoleon's Mexican expedition or his Prussian war'; (2) 'the opium war in China'; (3) 'the last South African war.'

THE JAPANESE DRAMA. Name and define the four types of Japanese literary drama. Can you compare any of these plays with European types? What is the present state of the Japanese theatre?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

After a tour of several months on the Continent, during which he was entertained in many capitals as the late head of His Majesty's Government, **Mr. Ramsay MacDonald** is back in London at his Parliamentary post as leader of the Labor Party in the Commons.

Ludovic Naudeau has had a long and very varied career as a journalist for more than thirty years, during which he has been the special correspondent of the *Temps* in Rome, a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War, and a Russian correspondent during the Revolution of 1918. He was made a prisoner by the Japanese on the battlefield of Mukden in 1905, and by the Bolsheviki at Moscow in 1918. Three of his books have been crowned by the French Academy: *Modern Japan*, *In Prison under the Russian Terror*, and *Behind the Russian Chaos*. He is also the author of several novels.

Gino Berri and **Mario Bassi** are staff correspondents of Italian newspapers in North Africa.

Henry D. Davray, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, is a leading figure in Anglo-French circles, having been London correspondent of the *Petit Journal* and the founder and secretary of the Anglo-French Society. He has lectured on English literature at the École des Hautes Études Sociales in Paris, and translated into French a great deal of contemporary English prose, chiefly fiction. He is the author of a book on Lord Kitchener and of a volume called *Chez les Anglais pendant la grande guerre*.

'One of the most brilliant economists in the world,' according to Mr. Lloyd George, — that well-known economic authority, — **Dr. Gustav Cassel** is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Stockholm, the author of a book on *The World's Monetary Problems* (prepared in part for the Financial Committee of the League of Nations), and as a financial expert has been on innumerable commissions charged with important international functions.

As Ambassador at Washington during a most critical period in Japanese-American relations, **Masanao Hanihara** gave proof both of his extraordinary diplomatic sagacity and of his exceptional first-hand knowledge of American life. Though he was appointed to the Ambassadorship while occupying the post of Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo, Mr. Hanihara had still earlier spent many years in Washington as Secretary and Counselor at the Japanese Embassy, and in 1922 was Secretary-General of the Japanese delegation at the Washington Conference. The illness of Baron Shidehara, then Ambassador, threw a special weight of responsibility upon Mr. Hanihara, and he carried it with zeal and wisdom.

The preternaturally mature **D. Fraser Harris** is the son of the distinguished Edinburgh scientist, the late David Harris, and himself a physician and medical author of notable achievements. He has lectured on physiology at Glasgow, St. Andrews, Birmingham, Dundee, and Aberdeen, and has been Professor of Physiology at Dalhousie University since 1911. He is the author, among other things, of *The Specific Characteristics of Vitality*, *Harvey As Histologist*, and a little volume in the Home University Library on *Nerves*.

T. Earle Welby is an Anglo-Indian who has been editor of the *Madras Mail*, and political secretary of the European Association of India. He is the author of a little book on Swinburne, and a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* of articles on political and literary subjects.

Edmund Blunden, whose volume of verse, *The Shepherd*, won him the Hawthornden Prize in 1922, is Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokyo, and has recently published a volume of *English Poems* — his own.

Dr. A. Miyamori is Professor of Literature at Tokyo University, and is shortly to publish a book on the subject of the essay here printed. **Eric H. N. Gill** is a fellow of the Zoölogical Society who has spent many years in the Indian jungle.

The oldest subject in English poetry does not daunt **Henry L. Littler**, and indeed inspires in him a mood not wholly consistent with the 'Sumer is icumen in' tradition.

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NEXT WEEK

THE NEW SPIRIT IN EUROPE — *By Aristide Briand*

At a moment when pessimism is the prevailing mood in international affairs, this stirring speech of the French Premier's in presenting the Locarno Treaty to the Chamber of Deputies should light up the whole background.

A TRAGIC CHAPTER IN MEXICAN HISTORY

By Juan Sanchez Azcona

The full story of the assassination of President Madero — with its dark setting of political intrigues and jealousies — has never been told. This article sets forth the main facts behind the deed itself, and assigns the responsibility where it belongs.

THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

By Émile Chevalier

A strange mixture though it may seem of idealism, rebelliousness, mysticism, and modernism, the Youth Movement in Germany is one of the post-war phenomena most soberly to be reckoned with. This young German student with a French name defines the aspirations and the methods of his confrères.

THE POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT — *By I. A. Richards*

The author of a salient book on *The Principles of Literary Criticism* undertakes to analyze the poetical quality of Mr. Eliot's work in such poems as 'The Waste Land.' His estimate of that work may be debatable, but it is too carefully reasoned to be lightly dismissed.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *APRIL 4, 1926* — NO. 4265

AROUND THE WORLD IN MARCH

Too much importance should not be attached to the postponement of the League sessions until September, concerning which the press exhibits exaggerated pessimism, for that makes news. The conflict over the constitution of the League Council is an old one, dating from before the adoption of the Covenant. President Wilson's original plan did not contemplate any Council whatsoever. That body was General Smuts's suggestion, and at first Great Britain wished only the Great Powers to be represented on it. The arrangement actually adopted, which originally provided for five permanent Great-Power members and four nonpermanent small-Power members, was proposed by Italy.

From the outset Liberals in all countries, and most people in the smaller nations, have criticized this constitution as undemocratic. On the other hand, it is argued that the permanent members contemplated in a complete League represent a population of seven hundred million, and the nonpermanent members a population of only five hundred million; and it was understood from the first that Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan — and Germany, Russia, and the United States, if they joined — would have permanent Council seats. The claim of the smaller Powers to such posts is based on the contention that they represent groups of nations. Thus Spain professes to be spokesman for the entire Spanish-speaking world, Brazil for Latin America, Czechoslovakia for the Slavic States, and Sweden for the Northern Powers. Persia claims a permanent seat as representing all Mohammedans, as Japan speaks for the Orient. Already the original constitution of the League has been amended in a democratic direction by enlarging the small-Power delegation to six nonpermanent members instead of the four originally provided, thus giving them a majority in the Council.

But League constitution reformers are not satisfied with this. Some would abolish all permanent members; some would give the smaller Powers membership in rotation, or make a country that has held a seat ineligible for immediate reëlection. Under the present arrangement, Spain has been a nonpermanent member ever since the

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League was organized, thus gradually acquiring a sort of easement to her seat.

But there are serious objections to enlarging the Council, quite apart from the obvious inadvisability of raising the question in connection with Germany's admission. Even the moderate increase in membership already authorized has, we are told, made it more difficult to transact the Council's business in the prompt and harmonious way its functions demand. The *Spectator* protests: 'If once we depart from the principle that the permanent members should be executives of the Great Powers, we shall lend ourselves, we fear, to unceasing heartburning and intrigue. There would be a danger — a danger which is already indicated — of the formation of rival groups representing Slavs, Latins, Teutons, Roman Catholics and Protestants.' And Sisley Huddleston believes a reorganization of the Council on a broader plan would create excessive opportunities for 'diplomatic blackmail' — that is, for a small and unimportant Power to sell its support to a powerful protector in return for political, and perhaps financial, favors. Of course this is not ideal, but 'an ideal League would collapse in a week.' If the Great Powers, with their world-wide and predominant interests, 'were asked to agree to a supergovernment of Bolivia, Haiti, Liberia, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, and so forth, how many of them would fail to follow the example of the United States? . . . Lesser Powers must, of course, be given due weight. Their opinions must count. By their mere numbers in the Assembly they can create a world sentiment which the Great Powers cannot ignore. The lesser States are also given a large place in the Council as temporary members. They have done excellent work. They are entitled to the fullest representation. Their voices are just as important as the voices of the Great Powers. They have nothing to complain of. They are not swamped. They are not in a minority. Further, any member of the League not represented on the Council will be invited to sit as a member whenever its interests are specially affected. Thus the exigencies of democratic ideology are completely met, as, in this way, they should be.' Therefore the League is simply passing through a constitutional crisis, which does not affect its fundamental principles or imply its repudiation.

A threatened strike in the engineering trades and the Report of the Coal Commission have occupied the front pages of the British press. Labor readjustments continue to be England's outstanding problem. Happily the danger of an engineers' strike seems to have passed, and the railway employees, who were also restless, have reconciled themselves to their present conditions of employment. The main features of the Coal Commission's Report were already anticipated. Probably its recommendations that the industry be reorganized on a more rational basis would do most to ensure recovery if it could be promptly and effectively applied. Suggestions contemplating wage-reductions or otherwise changing conditions to the disadvantage of the miners will, presumably, be rejected. A revised subsidy to be limited to coal exported is said to be under consideration, though with misgivings lest, if the British Government embark on such a policy, Germany, Belgium, and France may follow suit.

No progress has been made at the moment toward a solution of the financial crisis in France, which has now extended to include Belgium. Senator Coty, the wealthy perfumer and proprietor of *Figaro*, has made a dramatic offer of one hundred million francs to the Government for the pur-

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pose of starting a sinking-fund, to take care of the country's maturing obligations, which he proposes shall be managed by an independent committee. This is conditional, of course, upon the Government's adopting a sane financial policy. In making his offer Senator Coty declares that the country is in imminent peril of national bankruptcy and civil war, that the only remedy is to tax all the people and to collect those taxes. 'For the moment the whole problem is to secure from our direct and indirect imposts fifty billions instead of thirty-five billions, and not increasing our public expenditures.' In arguing for immediate action, he cites these eloquent statistics: of over one and one-half million business men in France, nearly one third pay taxes upon incomes equivalent to less than twenty-five dollars a year, and another third upon incomes of less than two hundred dollars a year. 'Imagine,' he says, 'a million of our business men working all their lives in order to gain from two to fifteen francs — from six to thirty or forty cents — a day!'

Naturally the financial crisis and the resulting instability of the Cabinet keep political feeling at fever heat. This accounts for sensational press-reports like the recent dispatch published in America, to the effect that just before the general election two years ago a group of bankers sold francs by the hundreds of millions abroad, in order to depress exchange and frighten the people into voting for a 'strong government.' An even more exciting article was published in *Les Informations Politiques et Financières*, insinuating that high-placed Paris politicians were directly involved in the Hungarian franc-forgeries. These, it says, date from 'before the first of May, 1924,' — as Count Bethlen has likewise intimated before the Hungarian Assembly, — that is, before the last general French elections, and were part of a conspiracy of prominent Frenchmen and prominent Hungarians to restore a monarchy in the Danube country. This gossip is very unlovely and unworthy of a great nation; but we must remember that there is a far nobler and more praiseworthy aspect of French political life — an aspect that found a voice in Briand's great speech in the Chamber pleading for the ratification of the Locarno Pact, which won that measure the endorsement of the deputies by a majority of four hundred and thirteen to seventy-one.

In Germany, the struggle to decide whether her ex-Emperor, ex-Kings, and ex-Princes are to be compensated for the former royal property has become the outstanding domestic issue, and the procedure taken to settle affords an interesting illustration of the way the Weimar Constitution works. Early this year, the requisite conditions having been fulfilled, the Reichstag authorized a popular petition, known as the *Volksbegehrung*, — the Nation's Wish, — to decide whether the people desire a bill which had been prepared by the Parties of the Left to be introduced into that body. The bill provides for the confiscation of the entire property of the ex-rulers and their families, the proceeds to be applied to the support of unemployed and disabled ex-service men, of families of men who lost their lives in the war, and of indigent victims of inflation. If one tenth of the registered voters favor the Volksbegehrung, the bill in question must be introduced into the Reichstag. If it is passed, the matter ends there. If it is rejected, a second referendum, called the *Volksentscheid*, — the Nation's Decision, — will have to be taken upon it.

Russia and France have begun negotiations at Paris with a view to reaching a settlement of Russia's pre-war debts to the latter country and concluding a

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commercial treaty. These negotiations are not expected to have a speedy termination, although the Moscow Government wishes to expedite them in the hope of obtaining a foreign loan. That Government has a bait to offer France, whose air fleet and navy have no independent supply of fuel, in the shape of important oil-concessions; and gossip has it that American interests stand behind those of France in this phase of the negotiations. Once the question of settling foreign claims against Russia is raised, these claims tend to multiply marvelously, for revolutions cause countless unrecorded losses to the subjects of other countries. Therefore we may expect to see the negotiations at Paris drag on for a long period, and indeed be suspended entirely at times while Gordian knots are cut.

Little of world-wide interest seems to have happened in Russia since the falling-out of the two Communist factions at their last Party convention. Rumor has it that the Government faces growing financial difficulties in spite of last year's excellent harvest, and that these are forcing it to inflate the currency. So far, however, the *chervonets* has held its value, and a large trading-credit has been obtained from Germany.

Some irritation was caused in certain British quarters by the conclusion of the recent agreement between France and Turkey, largely because of its possible effect upon the Mosul situation. The previous convention between the two countries, adopted nearly five years ago, provided for a sort of condominium over the short Syrian section of the Bagdad Railway, which made the transportation of troops and munitions of war by that line subject to the reciprocal consent of the two Powers. The new treaty seeks to avoid the manifold embarrassments this arrangement produced. It gratifies Turkey by shifting the frontier slightly to her advantage, and amends the system of railway-control in a way that would count in Turkey's favor were the Mosul controversy to produce a conflict. But the very fact that this treaty was concluded is evidence that the latter contingency is regarded as exceedingly remote. What France chiefly sought was to remove all controversies with Turkey that might interfere with the pacification of Syria.

Spain's passive attitude toward the Directory is changing to pronounced hostility since the announcement of the new tax law to meet the continuing deficit. The law's opponents protest that the country needs administrative economies, and especially relief from the cost of the Morocco expedition, rather than a new call upon the taxpayers. Faced with this opposition, which is naturally strongest among the propertied classes, Primo de Rivera is said to be courting favor with the workers, who are less directly affected by fiscal reforms in Spain than they would be in France or Northern Europe. The objectional law proclaimed by Señor Calvo Sotelo, the young Minister of Finance, consists of three decrees. The first requires real-estate owners to report the gross revenue from their property, whether or not they personally cultivate or manage it, under penalty of having their taxes increased threefold or fourfold if they make false returns — in fact, for gross falsification their property will be confiscated. The second decree directs all merchants and manufacturers to keep a special set of books in which every transaction of more than ten pesetas shall be entered and which shall be open at all times to inspection by agents of the Government. Those who fail to comply shall have no recourse in court against their debtors,

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and bills against their customers automatically become uncollectible. The third decree requires all leases of property to be recorded, and no landlord is to have a legal claim to more rent than is specified in the Government register. These three provisions naturally delight the Socialists — except, of course, parlor Socialists, who own country estates, tenement houses, factories, and shops. The Directory seems to be somewhat intimidated by the storm of opposition that this measure has encountered, for the date when it is to go into effect has been postponed from April 1 to May 1 — Labor Day!

Italy's belligerent outburst against Germany was a gathering of the storm-clouds in one direction that cleared the sky in several others. Mussolini is clearly courting better relations with France, and has adopted a remarkably amiable attitude toward Yugoslavia and the other Balkan countries. M. Nincic, the Foreign Minister of the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom, has visited both Rome and Paris with a number of items on his shopping-list. In the first place, all the succession States fear that Germany's entry into the League may be followed by a renewed effort to incorporate Austria into the Reich, against which he wants insurance. The South Slav statesman is also reported to have pressed Poland's claim to a seat in the League Council. *La Tribuna*, which speaks with Fascist authority, said in commenting upon the visit: 'Germany has shown clearly — and indeed tactlessly, as is her habit — that she designs to use her position in the League to make herself the champion of national minorities. Italy has called a prompt halt on this manœuvre so far as her interests are concerned; but Germany's attitude remains a serious menace to all other countries having such minorities, especially the smaller States, like Yugoslavia.' Czechoslovakia, where, despite a new Cabinet crisis, Mr. Beneš remains Foreign Minister, is the steadying influence in this restless part of Europe. That country has recently concluded an arbitration treaty with Austria, covering both political and economic issues, which is an almost exact copy of the treaties signed at Locarno between Belgium and Germany and France and Germany. This is the third treaty of the kind that Czechoslovakia has recently entered into with her neighbors, Hungary being the only adjoining Power still left out of the list.

A special meeting of the Little Entente at Temesvár in Rumania last month, supposed to have been called primarily to consider the Hungarian forgeries, is said to have discussed a Balkan pact which, it is rumored, will include Greece. General Rouphos, the Greek Foreign Minister, who has also been at Rome on a good-will mission, reports his country's relations with Yugoslavia increasingly friendly, and that even those with Turkey, despite some recent frontier friction, are growing better. General Pangalos, the Greek Dictator, according to the Athens correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, is making serious efforts to reach agreements with all his neighbors, including Italy, with a view to the eventual conclusion of a general Balkan guaranty pact which, among other desirable results, will enable his Government to place its finances on a better basis.

Local elections have been held in both Bulgaria and Rumania. Those in the former country were reassuring to the Government because they recorded the almost complete obliteration of the Communists and Agrarians. According to local reports, these two Parties in coalition received in the whole country only about as many votes as they have

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polled at previous elections in the city of Sofia alone, or less than eighteen thousand. In Rumania the elections resulted in a heavy vote against the 'Liberal' Party headed by the Bratianos, which is now in power, and which carried a majority of the rural communities but was overwhelmingly outvoted in the cities. This moral defeat — for it does not involve an immediate Parliamentary overturn — is interpreted as spelling the end of the Bratiano régime, which has been marked by vigorous efforts to restore the public finances, and also by stern repression of the national minorities and all other opposition elements — including the ex-Crown Prince.

Fighting has been resumed in Morocco, and the Italians have occupied the desert headquarters of the Senussi. Egypt, which has been enjoying or tolerating a period of relative political quiescence under the ministry of Ziwar Pasha, who has ruled with the support of the British Government and without Parliament, now faces a new election, to be held on a basis of universal suffrage. The three Opposition Parties, which have hitherto fought each other almost as bitterly as they have fought the Government, have effected a temporary reconciliation. Ziwar Pasha is said to have administered the country well, but that does not assure him a majority at the polls. It is predicted that Zagloul Pasha will again sweep the country with the same programme of relentless hostility toward Great Britain that caused the last crisis.

France submitted a report upon her trusteeship in Syria at the recent Rome session of the League Mandate Commission. Reports as to conditions in that country are contradictory, but order is by no means restored there. Nevertheless, all Asia west of the coastal plains of China is in a state of comparative military quiescence. England continues to feed India self-government by the teaspoonful, although the Swarajists have again bolted the legislative bodies. She is reviving an Indian navy, which will consist mostly of revenue cutters but will give a few picked young Indians some wardroom experience, and she is providing new opportunities for Indians in the army. The Indian Government now proposes progressively to reduce opium exports to the Far East, and eventually to prohibit them, and to discourage opium-eating in India itself. The whole country, including the British raj, is protesting vigorously against the Color Bar bill, which has again passed the Lower House of the South African Union.

In China the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, who has not started on a round-the-world tour after all, is defending himself from Chang Tso-lin on the north and from his old superior, Wu Pei-fu, on the south — according to last reports, with indifferent success. His troops are handicapped by a shortage of ammunition. It is safe to infer, moreover, that such foreign aid as is being given in China is going largely to his rivals. Meanwhile the situation around Canton, which is 'another story,' has been aggravated by the growing hostility between the radical rulers of that city and the British authorities in Hongkong. In fact, the European Powers are just now knocking loudly at two of China's portals, Canton and Tientsin, both of which are in the possession of commanders intensely hostile to foreign intervention in China's affairs.

Japan is still discussing the attempt to organize a Proletarian Party to occupy about the same place in the political life of the Empire that the Labor Party occupies in Great Britain. This is the fourth attempt to form such an organization, the first

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dating back to 1902. That attempt was vetoed by the Ito Cabinet because its platform advocated abolishing the House of Peers and eventually the army and navy. Two subsequent efforts to revive the scheme failed largely on account of Government opposition. This naturally raises the question whether the authorities may not veto the new Party that it is now proposed to form, especially as its promoters advocate nationalizing the land and abolishing the House of Peers. According to *Jiji*, however, the Cabinet has no such intention, 'as it is deemed but natural that such a Party should spring up in a country where manhood suffrage is actually adopted.'

Although Japan has her full quota of imperialists and militarists, their influence and prestige are probably exaggerated in American opinion. Certainly a very strong and sincere pacifist movement exists in that country. Its latest manifestation is the criticism brought to bear by the press on military training in the schools. The system has been opposed from the outset. Student papers have condemned it and numerous mass meetings of students have opposed it. Osaka *Asahi*, one of the most widely circulated papers in Japan, denounces the fallacy of identifying military training and education. 'Military life, which is based on the exigencies of war, is very different from social life, which is founded on a pacific basis; and consequently there exists naturally a wide disparity between military education and social education, such as is required to fit men for membership in an organized human society.' Osaka *Mainichi*, while seeing nothing inherently objectionable in military training, does not think it is important enough to justify forcing it into an already overcrowded curriculum. The student's time could be more profitably employed on other things. Furthermore, 'the public is dubious of the virtues of military training as enunciated by its advocates.' The dispatch of Japanese troops to Manchuria during the recent hostilities there was vigorously criticized in the Diet, and the Government assured the members that no additional military expenditures would be incurred in Asia.

Australia has been watching with amused interest a lively controversy in New South Wales started by Mr. Lang, the Labor Premier, who proposed to abolish the Upper House, which is an appointed body, after swamping it with his own nominees. With the assent of the Governor, he actually enlarged the Council by twenty-five members, assuming that once in their posts they would obey his behest. Instead of that, having got their seats, they refused to commit collective political suicide by voting themselves out of office.

Brazil's claim to a permanent seat in the League Council, which has aroused much interest in the South American press, is supported by two arguments—that the Western Hemisphere is entitled to a permanent member, and that no other Latin-American country except Uruguay is logically eligible to the post; Mexico is too close to the United States, Argentina has resigned from the League, Chile has a controversy with Peru; the other republics are ruled out by their small size or because they have troubles with their neighbors. Preparations are proceeding for the voting in Tacna-Arica next month, despite the rumor that the plebiscite will not be held. Indeed, these reports became so persistent that the Santiago Foreign Office issued a statement to the effect that it was not directly associated with the movement to invite other Powers to take part in settling the conflict of the Pacific.

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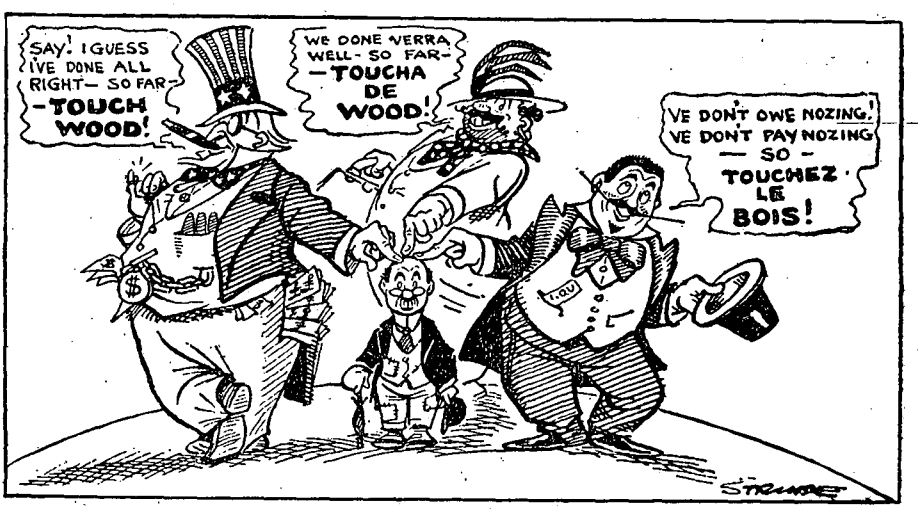
'But this does not mean that it has set its face against some such project. If, as appears to be the case, certain friendly governments, convinced of the difficulties that the plebiscite is sure to present, submit suggestions calculated to permit a settlement by diplomatic measures, this Government cannot fail to be interested in them, and of course cannot refuse to consider them.' In this connection it was said that no positive steps would be taken until Dr. Beltran Mathieu, the newly appointed Foreign Minister, who has just relinquished his post as Ambassador at Washington, reached Santiago.

Chile has manifested some alarm and irritation over the completion of a direct railway-line from Argentina to Bolivia. Hitherto Chile has had a practical monopoly of the Bolivian Plateau trade through her railway connections from the Pacific Coast, her only competitor being the British line through Southern Peru to Lake Titicaca. But steel highways from Atlantic tidewater and river ports will soon penetrate the fertile and well-watered slopes of the Central and Northern Andes at many points, and will necessitate new commercial-political readjustments. Commenting upon this rivalry, *La Prensa* said reassuringly: 'The development of new traffic-routes in America is eventually for the benefit of all, and that betterment will be brought about through competition in which the most economical routes will survive. It would be most unfortunate to imagine at the very outset that such a development, which will contribute so immeasurably to our common prosperity, constitutes a threat for the interests of any country.'


SAY! I GUESS I'VE DONE ALL RIGHT— SO FAR— -TOUCH WOOD!
WE DONE VERRA WELL- SO FAR- —TOUCHA DE WOOD!
VE DON'T OWE NOZING! VE DON'T PAY NOZING — SO — TOUCHEZ LE BOIS!
I.O.U.
STRUWWE

EUROPE'S LUCKY MASCOT, THE BRITISH TAXPAYER

— London *Daily Express*

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THE GIST OF LOCARNO

BY J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

[THIS article is the former Labor Premier's introduction to George Glasgow's *From Dawes to Locarno* (Harper and Brothers, 1926) which we notice in Our Own Bookshelf.]

IN its last act of foreign policy, the negotiation of the Locarno Pact, the British Government has done something which deserves a welcome. At Geneva, it is true, it did about as badly as any important Government could do; and the effect of Geneva upon Europe was only too apparent. But after Geneva came Locarno. I know what can be said against Locarno; and what can be said against it must be said. It is important that we should understand it.

Locarno does not face any of the problems that could be, in the widest stretch of imagination, an immediate cause of a European war. I have never met anybody yet — and I think I know most of them — who sits in a European Foreign Office and who believes that in our lifetime, or in anybody's lifetime, there is going to be a war between France and Germany directly and specifically caused by the Rhine frontier. That is not how the war will come in Europe. If anybody thinks that by getting agreement on the Rhine frontier we have made European war impossible, he should think again. If there should be another European war, it is perfectly true that the Rhine frontier will be an element in it, but it will be raised only after war has broken out. Therefore it is true from one point of view that the Locarno Treaty, by settling the Rhine frontier, has dealt with something that never could become a prime cause of a European war. Moreover, if war breaks out, and if the conditions have been prepared for Germany to have her revenge on France, as France prepared her revenge on Germany between 1872 and 1914 — if that should be the evil fate of the next generation or of the generation that is to follow, then the Locarno Treaty will not prevent Germany from fighting France over other people's quarrels, and, when that has begun, from fighting it over its own.

It is perfectly true that Locarno has not stopped up all the gaps and the back doors through which war may come; that there are loopholes in the Locarno Treaty; that Locarno has gone back to the old mistake of making machinery for peace in Europe by individual agreements between little groups of nations; that the moment we come to the Danubian problem we find it impossible to draft pacts on the same principle as Locarno and ask this country to guarantee them; that Locarno methods are not altogether a strengthening of the moral authority of the League of Nations. It is equally true that nine tenths of the objections that Mr. Chamberlain took to the Protocol appear also in the Pact.

There are, however, three things about the Locarno Pact to which I should like to draw attention. The first thing it has done is to get Germany into the League; I say to them, 'Thank

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you and bless you for having done it.' The second point is that arbitration is enshrined there, though imperfectly; and the third, that Locarno, apart from its substance, and apart from its merits, has given Europe new hope.

It has been the most magnificent example of mass Couéism that I have ever known. From the day when the Locarno treaties were initialed, the nations of Europe, after their morning prayers, — I hope they indulged in them; there was much need of them, — got up and said, 'I am good; I am getting better day by day.' Locarno may not be great as an accomplished achievement; but Locarno does give a magnificent opportunity. It is the opportunity of Locarno that I welcome, and Locarno is going to be fruitful for peace only in so far as that opportunity is taken.

Under Locarno our people have undertaken a tremendous responsibility. They have taken risks upon themselves which are greater actually, although they appear to be less on paper, than they were willing to take under the Protocol.

We have no business to put our signature to Locarno unless we intend to carry out the spirit of the thing — the spirit we communicated to the people who initialed with us. We must remember what we led them to expect, not the ways open to us, in accordance with the imperfect letter, to get out of our responsibilities. We have handed over the British Army and the British Navy to other Powers under Locarno, as we did it under the Protocol, and to the extent we did it under the Protocol. There is no mistake about it. The Couéism of Locarno must be supplemented by a real building-up of peace. The Rhineland must be subject to a new agreement. The Ambassadors' Conference in Paris ought to be disbanded. That Disarmament Conference must be held, and we must strive to make it a success. We could reduce our armed forces enormously if we had the moral courage. The spirit of Locarno must be used up to its maximum.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE[1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

PARLIAMENTARY institutions have never before been as unpopular in France as they are to-day. We are accustomed to hearing reactionaries decry them, but it is a new thing to hear even the Parties of the Left denouncing them so bitterly. Listen to conversation on the street, at social gatherings, in family circles, in the cafés, upon the trains, and even among the workingmen, and you will hear all kinds of contradictory opinions, to be sure, as to what we should do to better our situation, but they will all be unanimous on one point — that our deputies are 'blowhards,' 'muddleheads,' 'puppets,' 'hot-air artists,' 'mountebanks,' 'phrase-makers,' men intent upon party or pecuniary advantage at the cost of the general wel-

[1] From *Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *December* 12, *January* 23

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fare. All these people will tell you that the atmosphere of the Palais Bourbon is 'vitiated by the spirit of petty factional cliques' and poisoned by all sorts of machinations contrary to the public interest.

To be sure, such assaults upon parliamentary government are no new thing in France. We had them back in the days of the early Royalists, at the time of the anticlerical agitation, and again during the unhappy period of the Panama scandals and the Dreyfus case. But this earlier unpopularity was visited upon particular groups and parties, while the present crisis, which affects the property and the prosperity of every citizen, threatens democracy itself.

Before proceeding further, let me describe the Chamber of Deputies as it has impressed me whenever I have returned to Paris from the long sojourns abroad that have occupied a large part of my life. What first greets my ears at the opening of a session? A rattle of drums announcing the entrance of the Speaker, who marches in between two lines of bayonets and makes his way toward the platform attended on either side by an officer with a drawn sword. What does it all mean? Is revolution lurking at the door? I can easily imagine the impression this spectacle produces on a stranger, and whenever I witness it after a long absence it suggests the thought that a Speaker thus escorted must exercise unbounded authority over the body over which he presides. Imagine my shock, then, when only a few minutes later I see M. Herriot leaning forward over the assembly, like a captain on a ship's bridge of a stormy night, trying to make his voice heard above the fury of the storm. M. Herriot performs his duties with unusual tact and authority, but he must shout himself hoarse, he must plead and threaten, he must gesticulate like a semaphore, he must pound his desk incessantly with his gavel, to keep the slightest show of order. We should be better democrats if we let the Speaker walk into the Chamber unescorted like an ordinary mortal, without so much military pomp, and showed him more respect and consideration after he has taken the chair.

I observe other things at the Palais Bourbon which are picturesque enough in their way but which hardly lend dignity to the assembly; for example, the custom the deputies have of lifting up and slamming down the covers of their desks to express their feelings. Bald-headed, gray-bearded old gentlemen who are models of respectable deportment elsewhere seem to think it quite proper to rattle their desk-covers in the Chamber like riotous schoolboys.

I have seen many lively sessions in other parliaments, but our Chamber has manners peculiarly its own. A member who makes a witty interruption is hailed with laughter even by his opponents. The House of Commons is generally dignified and dull; the Reichstag is apt to be surly and unamiable; but the Chamber is mischievous and obstreperous. But are not the members chosen freely by the French people? Has n't every nation the kind of parliament it merits? Why then should we abuse that body?

When I hear a man declaring that the Legislature of my country is composed of scoundrels and blockheads in about equal proportions, I resent the slander, as should any Frenchman. Is n't that a charge that even a foreigner would be loath to make? When we denounce democracy, are we not in effect denouncing ourselves?

People cry out against the Chamber's interminable debates that lead to nothing. I recently followed one of these debates in the *Tables des travaux*

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parlementaires. It was upon teaching the classics in the public schools, a subject that has been discussed at unusual length and apparently without much result. But on closer inspection I confess I was decidedly impressed by the amount of thought and labor and conscientious inquiry the debates revealed.

At the same time, examination of the *Tables* shows clearly that Parliament does seem powerless to settle the pressing practical questions of the day. How many times has it discussed within the past year or two such subjects as the fluctuation of the currency and the rising cost of living, without in any way bettering the situation?

I have visited the Chamber a number of times of late to hear the debates upon the Budget. I went there prejudiced by the criticisms of Parliament I had heard on every side. Now you may laugh at these orators, but I came away with a feeling that most of the men who addressed the Chamber on the state of our finances were well qualified to speak upon the subject. It is easier to ridicule a member of Parliament than to equal his knowledge and ability. The trouble was not that the speeches were poor, but that the subject is so complicated and has so many apparently irreconcilable aspects. At any rate, the Chamber did not impress me as an incompetent or ignorant body of men; but as a gathering of intelligent, competent gentlemen whose honest differences of opinion prevent common action.

As a matter of fact, we are facing problems that cannot be solved except by immense sacrifices on the part of every citizen, regardless of his wealth or his class. When we mobilized in 1914 we called upon every man to serve his country. We did not ask a soldier if he wanted to go to the front, the way we now ask the taxpayer if he will consent to pay his taxes. To-day, however, every social group, every profession and trade, every private interest, demands that its representatives shall get it special favors and put all the burden of supporting the Government upon someone else. Under such conditions Parliament becomes a sort of stock exchange, where men dicker for the popular vote, instead of a true legislature laboring in behalf of the nation as a whole.

This powerlessness to take positive action is what gives force to the arguments of those who demand a dictator. They claim that parliamentary institutions work only in normal times when the country is prosperous, but that at the moment serious dangers arise we must have recourse to a strong man to compel us to settle our conflicts of interest. Now there are seven or eight million French voters, each of whom thinks himself an intelligent, well-informed, sensible man. He imagines that a dictator would do the things that he himself would do. He would be exceedingly surprised to wake up some fine morning and discover that we had a dictator whom we could not shake off, whose ideas were quite different from his own. Yet the chances are a thousand to one that this is just what would happen.

At Petrograd in September 1917 the author of the present article saw with his own eyes Kronstadt sailors, Finnish sharpshooters, and Red Guardists expel the Russian Constitutional Convention, elected by the free will of the people, from the Tavricheskii Palace. It was a black night. Bayonets glittered everywhere. The members of the Convention scattered hither and thither, trudging off through the snow. During this terrible scene, Lenin, as I know from a reliable eyewitness, lay on the floor of the little anteroom to which he had retired after giving the fatal order,

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laughing so wildly that his most devoted followers were frightened.

What had happened? Simply this. About one fifth of the members of Parliament, getting control of the armed forces of the country, had expelled from the Convention the other four fifths — the talkers, who imagined that they had met to deliberate, to weigh arguments, to be a parliament.

Lenin's dictatorship put a prompt end to indecision and delay by destroying Parliament. It suppressed all criticism in the press and imprisoned or executed independent journalists. No man dared breathe a word in opposition to the Bolsheviki. There was no more talking; there was silence. But it was the silence of the graveyard. The Government could not feed the hungry, it could not remedy a single one of the great evils that were afflicting Russia. All that the suppression of Parliament meant was suppressing the right of the citizens to discuss their own affairs.

Later another freak of chance took me to Rome on the very day that Mussolini entered the capital for the purpose of shutting the mouths of Italy's talkers. Many people think that his Government has so far been a pretty good thing for the country. I hope so. But what I have heard of the reign of terror in Florence during the night of the third of last October has set me thinking — twenty-eight people killed, shops plundered. Certainly there are still dark spots in the Fascist régime. Mussolini tolerates no opposition. He had made the deputies his puppets. He has made newspapers official gazettes. Fascism restored order in Italy at a critical time. That was a great service; but order is not everything. The acme of order is in a prison. Parliamentary government can be the best or it can be the worst of governments. It is the worst of governments when its members are divided, as they are to-day, into two groups of about equal power, whose oscillations render consistent policies impossible. Our present difficulties are the fruit of our indecision. In the situation where we find ourselves at present any system, if it be administered with vigor, continuity, and unity of purpose, would be better than our present hesitation.

Either we must have a parliament capable of reforming itself and giving the country the feeling that it at length has a firm-handed government, or else France in her instinct to survive will create impromptu some organ of order and authority. No nation can go on indefinitely as a mere plaything of political caprice. It must steer a definite course. The Republic must govern, or it will vanish.

In France the Legislature has gradually undermined and destroyed the power of the Executive. It has usurped all the authority of the State. It was created to control public expenses and to keep them within bounds. To-day it piles up those expenses higher and higher. Cabinet ministers are chosen without regard for their qualifications for their posts. The same individual may be Secretary of the Navy in the morning, Secretary of Public Instruction at noon, and Secretary of Public Works at night. Moreover, our deputies have fallen more and more into the habit of allotting high offices to themselves — colonial governorships, embassies, places on high commissions. Upon becoming members of the Chamber, men who had never written a line before their election have blossomed out as journalists, encumbering our press with dull and mediocre prose. It is high time for some gentlemen to get back to their regular jobs and stick to their lasts.

Were our Parliament in England, it would have been dissolved long ago and we should have appealed to the electors

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to send us a new Chamber that would be obedient to their will.

It is not our institutions that are bad; it is our manners, our hereditary habits. Our difficulties are primarily due to the fact that we honestly want to have a republic although we individually are not yet republicans. The first quality of a republican is respect for the law — an instinctive, unvarying, and, so to speak, superstitious respect for the law. That is what constitutes the unquestionable political superiority of the English. A Frenchman laughs at the law. He thinks it smart to evade it, and prides himself on deceiving the agents entrusted to enforce it. In France police regulations quickly become dead letters. Laws are enforced intermittently under the pressure of influences that all the world knows and at which no one takes offense. The iron law of Great Britain that compels a prince of the blood or the admiral commanding the Grand Fleet to pay a fine because he has violated one of its provisions; that inflexible law which is enforced against every citizen, rich or poor, powerful or helpless, is something unknown in France. . . . Although he refuses to recognize the authority of a sovereign, every Frenchman is an absolutist in himself. He is willing to abide by the will of the majority only when that will chances to be his own.

The English constantly use in everyday life the expression 'to play the game.' It originally referred to the obligation of honor that every British sportsman feels to obey the rules of any game or competition in which he may be engaged. This standard of conduct has been extended to every sphere of life. I think many an Englishman's first impression of the French is that they do not 'play the game.' A Party defeated at the elections in Great Britain never questions for that reason the authority of Parliament or tries to embarrass its work. Instead it goes into legal opposition and plans, if possible, to win the next campaign. In France a defeated Party cries to the heavens the next morning that the results at the ballot box 'scandalize the public conscience.'

How does it happen, then, that we Frenchmen, who are equal to any other nation in art, science, or war, are so inferior in the art of government? It is because for generations we were not free. Until 1789 we were the most meticulously governed people on earth. No other country was subjected to a more minute and searching tyranny. Royalty trained Frenchmen to believe that the State was a sort of all-providing divine Providence. We no longer have a king, but we still have a State, which we regard much as our ancestors did. . . . To-day the French people are almost to a man republicans. They have been able, under their republican government, to repel the German invader and to make themselves a nation of soldiers. But they have still to make themselves a nation of citizens.

That is our problem. Can a people reform itself of its own motion? Perhaps that is impossible. When Peter the Great wished to turn his subjects away from their Asiatic habits, he forbade them to wear flowing Oriental garb and commanded them to cut off their long beards. He could do this by arbitrary decree; but the muzhiki would never have done it of their own free will. To-day Kemal Pasha, realizing, as the Japanese did sixty years ago, that Westerners will look down upon any Easterners, no matter how progressive, as barbarians as long as they wear a distinctive costume, has commanded the Turks to give up the fez; and the will of a single man has put into effect almost overnight a reform

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that the Turks would never have adopted voluntarily.

The gravest charge that can be brought against democracy is that it cannot cure even its more fatal vices as long as they gratify the popular taste and line somebody's pockets. Alcoholism brutalized Russia. When war was declared, Tsar Nicholas by a single ukase shut up the liquor shops. They reappeared under Kerenskii's democratic government. Then came another dictator, Lenin, who again ordered them closed. I saw his order carried out in Petrograd. An Imperial dictatorship in 1917 and a Communist dictatorship in 1917 were equally able to enforce a measure most beneficial to the health and morals of the people that a democracy would certainly have rejected; because the drunkard is never willing to give up his poison.

We admit, then, that the masses are powerless to carry out great moral betterments. On the other hand, we are too old a nation, we are too wise in the lessons of history, to commit ourselves, hands tied, to a presumptuous and self-appointed master.

I can testify from personal knowledge that from 1914 to 1917 everybody in Russia was a democrat at heart — not only the people, but the intellectuals, the army officers, the generals, and even the high nobility. As disaster followed disaster the conviction of the nation became unanimous that Russia could be saved only by a parliament and a responsible ministry — that autocracy had failed.

To-day, however, we often hear intelligent people in France, many of them well educated and blessed with hereditary wealth, declare that the sole solution of our difficulties is to disperse Parliament, imprison the Cabinet, and put everything in the hands of a dictator, who they assume will by some miracle prove to be the wisest and most far-seeing man among the forty millions of Frenchmen. This faith in miracles is a besetting fallacy of the human mind. A dictator might prevent evils coming to public knowledge, but he could not suppress the evils themselves. To be sure, this enforced ignorance might do some good; for political discontent is like love: many people would never fall in love if they did not read novels, and many other people would never become political malcontents if they did not read Party newspapers.

In final analysis, the most durable reform is that which occurs in the heart of man. That is why I say that our real problem is to teach Frenchmen how to be citizens. That is the Republic's most urgent task. My only fear is that we may not have time to do so.

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ANNEXING A PROPHET'S CAPITAL[1]

BY GINO BERRI AND MARIO BASSI

WITH the first gray of dawn a brisk wind from the sea chases the last wisps of fog from above our camp at Porto Bardia. Our native troops — *ascari* — rush hither and thither in excited preparations for departure. A rumbling roar from the huge motor park tells us that engines are being warmed up preparatory to moving forward. At exactly six o'clock the first company of ascari takes the trail, the men picking their way easily up the side of the wadi, and in a few moments the whole hillside is covered with moving dots — the white-and-red uniforms of the Ninth Battalion and the white-and-blue of the Tenth.

As soon as the ascari reach the summit of the cliff, whence a flat plateau stretches southward toward Amseat, the end of the first day's march, the column is formed. One battalion is deployed over a wide front as an advance guard with two companies on either flank, followed at a considerable interval by a long procession of motor-cars. Armored cars are thrown out on the left — which is the direction from which an attack is to be expected, since it affords the enemy an easy retreat across the border into Egypt. A tank section and a battery of light guns mounted on motors accompany the advance guard. Another battery is stationed in the centre of the column.

Our advance, however, is by no means in close formation. We do not move forward like an army in picture books. The automobiles, for example, keep about seven kilometres behind the infantry, a distance they can cover in ten minutes — or the normal period of a halt. When the infantry resume their march, the auto column waits an hour and a half until the ascari are again seven kilometres in advance and have halted a second time. So our column moves forward like an army worm, now extended to more than seven kilometres, when stretched out to its full length, and greatly shortened when the motor-cars are just overtaking the halted infantry.

It is late in the afternoon when we reach Amseat. The difficult road on our first day's march of thirty-six kilometres was the first few hundred yards after leaving Porto Bardia. Here the highway ascends a steep, winding grade to reach the plateau a thousand feet above the sea. From that point the land lies as level as a table. Motor-cars could cross it without obstruction in almost any direction. We have traveled through steppe country, following the truck road that skirts the boundary between Italy and Egypt.

When we reach Amseat our troops have already settled themselves for the night in a great square filled with trucks, tanks, provisions, water, and fighting men. All our automotive apparatus, including the artillery, is parked along one side of the square headed in the direction of the march. Tanks are stationed at each corner, and between them are placed machine-

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *February* 9, 10, 12, and *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *February* 17

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guns behind heaps of stones and pebbles.

In their tents native soldiers are carefully arranging things for the night, while outside their comrades crouch in front of the fires patiently waiting for the water to boil for tea. Chauffeurs and machinists are busy with their cars and engines as long as there is light enough to see. Gasoline tanks are replenished, and everything is ready to proceed at dawn.

Little by little the noise of the camp dies down, the fires burn lower, the last terse words of command echo through the deepening darkness, and the silence of the desert settles over the sleeping troops.

I awaken, after a night of utter unconsciousness of the world, to a clear, chill, windless dawn. Our tents disappear as if by magic, the ascari fall in, and promptly at 6 A.M. march on to the melancholy music of their native flutes. As they push forward with quick, elastic steps, they extend their order until they cover a wide front, which they maintain throughout the day, so that nothing suspicious in the terrain ahead may escape attention. The desert bush, which, although withered and scanty, has hitherto given a little variety to the landscape, grows sparser. At length only a few isolated scrubby plants are visible, and they eventually disappear completely. This country extends to the southward for hundreds of kilometres, forming the *serir*, a gravelly plain strewn with tiny black and dark-red pebbles, wind-worn until they glitter like jewels in the sun. It stretches east and west and south as far as the horizon, except where its monotony is broken by distant, almost imperceptible, undulations or by occasional heaps of pebbles designed to guide the wayfarer.

The only real interruptions to this lifeless desolation are occasional tombs. Once built, they seem to remain unchanged forever. On our left at a place called Ghirba, where there is no sign of human habitation or anything else to distinguish the flat, pebbly plain from the remainder of the desert, stands the tomb of an unknown Mussulman. About eight kilometres farther on is a second tomb, that of Sidi Azaza, placed between two little mounds, and a little farther to the west still another, without a name. These mark the final resting-places of travelers who have ended here their last journey, no one knows precisely when or how.

At length we reach the tomb of the Marabout Sidi Omar. Beside it is a cemetery, and just beyond are two cisterns. It is a relief to find some evidence of human life and occupation, even if it be only of the dead. The Marabout's tomb is on a little mound twelve or fifteen feet high, and is surrounded by a low wall crowned with white and yellow banners — humble *ex voto* offerings to the saint placed there by desert travelers. Scattered about in the vicinity are pieces of cloth, remnants of saddle bags, Tuareg saddle-bows, and the pages of a commentary on the Koran.

After leaving the tomb of Sidi Omar we continue four kilometres farther to the south, where, after crossing a well-known caravan-trail, 'The Road of the Slave,' we halt to the eastward of a little mound called 'The Shadow of Sidi Omar,' because at sunset its shadow points directly toward the latter's tomb. Here we encamp again in a great square without confusion and almost without commands. Each motor-car and tank and machine-gun takes its assigned position automatically.

Our aviators, who have descended to two hundred metres and even one hundred metres when reconnoitring Jarabub, report the city apparently deserted. But this information is ac-

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cepted with some distrust. That night two hours after sunset a volley of ten shots is fired from one of our advance posts stationed on a neighboring elevation. The reports break the deep silence of the desert with startling effect. The ascari saw, or imagined they saw, something moving in the darkness ahead of them.

Yesterday morning we left the Shadow of Sidi Omar at dawn with an advance guard of armored automobiles and reached Esc Scegga, sixty-one kilometres to the southward, three hours later; and last night the main column camped twenty-three kilometres to our rear. Esc Scegga is a fortified advance post where some of the supplies for our expedition have already been deposited in advance. Our march continues across the serir, whose arid desolation is emphasized by the merciless glare of the unclouded sun. I never realized before what a weariness for the eye it is to gaze for interminable distances in all directions without resting on a single outstanding object to break the line of vision. It gives one a disagreeable sensation of being suspended in boundless space. Even the slightest irregularity in the landscape acquires marvelous importance. A tiny elevation not over twelve feet high at the utmost has been our outstanding landmark all day long. It is called Bir Sceferzen, and a cistern has been constructed at its base to collect the scanty rain-water. Near by is another cemetery.

A dozen kilometres farther on is a second tomb situated between a couple of little mounds, and a short distance away stands a third, two hundred yards beyond the Egyptian boundary. A darker spot in the distance suggests a marsh, but it proves to be merely a little swale containing some dried rushes. Seldom is there enough rainfall here to cause even a temporary accumulation of moisture in the desert hollows. From Sceferzen we advance along an excellent highway built by the English in the nineties during their campaign against the Senussi Mahdi.

Last night at sunset when our tanks, automobiles, and motor-mounted guns rumbled into their nightly formation, Sidi Hilal, one of our two loyal Senussi chiefs, said to me with a smile: 'The Arabs in Jarabub, with their ears to the ground, already know that the Italians are only eighteen kilometres away.' A little later news spread through the camp that the Head of the *Zavia* of Jarabub, Hussein Ben Ali-es-Susi, a cousin of Sherif el Gariani, who also accompanied us, had appeared at our camp with the two messengers whom we had sent in advance to invite his submission. Ben Ali's meeting with his cousin Gariani was an affecting one. He said that the latter's letters had produced a deep impression upon him and his followers and had convinced them that it was wise to receive the Italians as their friends.

Colonel Ronchetti, our commander, who had given the order to test our machine-guns just at the time Hussein Ben Ali entered the camp, ordered the firing to cease and received the Head of the Zavia at the entrance of his tent. The Senussi chieftain made a deep bow, then shook the hand of the commander, and said in a voice vibrant with emotion that Jarabub awaited with pleasure the arrival of his expedition. The Colonel answered briefly that the Italian Government would keep its word to respect the Holy Places and the persons and property of the inhabitants; and that it would appoint Sherif el Gariani the custodian of the tomb of the Senussi saint and of the other sacred edifices. The old chieftain then expressed hope that the

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Italian occupation would ensure peace and prosperity to his people. The Colonel assured him that it would do so, whereupon, shaking hands again, the old Arab raised his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed: 'It is Allah's will.'

The last stage of our march was short but difficult, for the wheels of our trucks and artillery buried themselves deep in the treacherous sand, and even stony stretches of the road were broken and rough. We had proceeded about ten kilometres when we reached a sort of marsh from which rose a great shrub looking like a pine tree and forming a mass of green among the bare stones. A little farther on at the foot of a mound we came across the partially decomposed body of a Negro who had died of thirst.

Our column made a short halt at a place called El Msalla, or the Sacred Square, because the Mahdi stopped here and prayed for a long time before he entered Jarabub. While we were resting a bombing plane and four scouting planes circled over us and dropped red discs with white centres as a sign that all was quiet ahead. A short march of five kilometres finally brought us to Garet-el-Barut, 'Rifle Shot,' so called because it is where the faithful coming from the west and north first catch sight of Jarabub, and fire their guns as a sign of joy.

For a person who has spent days and perhaps weeks in the monotonous desolation of the desert the scene that greets the vision at this point is certainly overwhelming. Upon reaching the summit of the ridge, we find ourselves facing a sharp descent of about one hundred feet to a flat-bottomed basin of which we have no inkling until we reach the very brink of the slope. Below us stretches a broad plain, whose walls are striped white, shining black, and gray, according to the stratification. It is dotted by little rocky mesas, rounded by the wind and undercut by the driven sand, that look like toadstools. Others resemble formal flights of steps, others turreted fortresses, and still others contemplative sphinxes. Here and there in the midst of the plain, or along its sides, or at the height of the horizon, stand groves of rock that rise aloft like the tops of cypresses. And it is all motionless and lifeless like a lunar landscape.

At the eastern end of this long cornucopia are three little green spots, the oases of Jarabub, the first evidence of verdure for three hundred kilometres. The white city itself is entirely surrounded by a high wall which has fallen into ruins at several points. It is dominated by the great central dome of the mosque, which is supported on an octagon of pillars. Around it and connected with it are various religious buildings, including the School of the Koran. Most of the dwellings are within the wall. Their occupants are permitted to reside there only with the permission of the Head of the Zavia. To the east of the wall lies a long, horn-like extension of the plain, where the advance guard of our cavalry is already visible. By eleven o'clock the place is completely invested.

Not a sign of life reaches us from the town. Sherif el Gariani and Sidi Hilal entered it half an hour ago, in an automobile which carried them to the foot of the western approach. They find the streets deserted — the women in the houses, the men in the mosque. The Sherif addresses the latter for several minutes, urging them to have no fear and begging their chiefs to come out and meet the commander of the Italian expedition.

At length a tiny troop of men appears in the square before the mosque, descends the steps, and slowly approaches, with El Gariani and Sidi

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Hilal in advance. Colonel Ronchetti with his staff officers grouped around him awaits their arrival at the foot of a little mound. The notables advance with evident hesitation, but finally they reach the point where we are gathered — some twenty men in all, among them a few Fezzan Negroes and Ahmed Ben Shef, uncle of the Grand Senussi.

After they have been presented one by one, the Colonel addresses them in a short speech, in which he repeats his promise that they will suffer no violence and that their sacred places will be rigorously respected. Little by little as the interpreter translates his words the faces of the notables clear, and when the Colonel concludes by asking the people of Jarabub to show equal consideration for Italy his listeners express their assent at once by placing their right hands on their breasts.

We make a short excursion around the walls of the city, which is already guarded by our own native sentries, who prevent anyone entering, even our officers. Groups of Arabs come out and with intense interest watch our troops make camp in the usual way. Near a spring between the wall and the nearest oasis a few Senussi are performing the ritual ablutions. Among them I notice a lad of distinguished countenance wearing trousers and shirt of fine cloth and a blue jubbah trimmed with black silk. The slave who accompanies him tells us he is the son of Ahmed Ben Shef and one of the best students in the school. Passing beyond the cemetery, we take a short stroll in the oasis, whose orchards already hang heavy with fruit and whose gardens are full of vegetables. We come to a deserted-looking hut, in the vicinity of which we surprise a Fezzanese working near a spring. He tries to avoid us at first, but not being able to do so comes directly toward us carrying a bunch of onions just pulled in his garden. Thrusting them into our hands, he hurries off to town at a rapid pace.

In the afternoon our men form in a square and present arms while the colors of Italy are raised to the top of our portable radio mast and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. This ceremony concludes with three cheers for the King and a wild yell from our ascari, saluting the first appearance of our flag over Jarabub the Holy; and afterward the five chief notables of the city are entertained at tea in the Commander's tent.

* * *

We are erecting a fortified post at Jarabub upon which we began work the first day after we arrived. It will occupy the summit of two little hills rising thirty feet above the valley bottom, five hundred yards northwest of the town. Two towers already crown these elevations. They were evidently seen by one of the very few Europeans who have managed to catch a distant glimpse of Jarabub, who mistook them for fortresses. In sober truth, however, they are peaceable windmills.

Thus vanishes one of the minor myths that travelers have spun about this town of mystery. We have heard wonderful tales of the city's vast extent, the magnificence of its Zavia, and the splendors of its mosque. It proves on close acquaintance to be only an ordinary desert town of low, commonplace structures built, as is the custom in this region, of rough stone, palm trunks, and mud mortar, and far less imposing than the native coast towns or even several other oasis settlements in the central desert. The Zavia and the mosque strike one as remarkable only because it is surprising to find buildings of even modest pretensions in so remote and isolated a locality.

The travelers who brought back such wonderful stories of Jarabub, sur-

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rounded with lofty walls and fortified with massive bastions, were allowed merely to catch a glimpse of the town from the top of the elevation that bounds the northern approaches of the valley. From that point, five or six miles away, Jarabub merges itself in the dazzling desert sunshine with its fantastic background of wind-eroded rocks, whose regular contours and peculiar fashioning might well be mistaken at that distance for massive walls and fortifications.

But although Jarabub loses its legendary magnificence when seen with the disillusioned eye of the close observer, it still retains a certain fascination and impressiveness. This is due partly to its picturesque situation in the centre of the wonderful panorama presented from the surrounding valley walls; to its setting of golden sand, graceful palm trees, blossoming orchards, and fresh green gardens, which seem fairylike and unreal in this vast expanse of silent, arid, lifeless landscape. It is also impressive for another reason — because it is saturated with the spirit of faith, of mysticism, of ecstatic Oriental devotion. In fact, this famous monastery of Islam, until yesterday untrodden by the unbeliever's foot, carries the mind back irresistibly to the hermits of Thebaid and to the great ascetics of all religions who have sought refuge in the desert to draw near to God.

This morning I was one of the first Christians to penetrate the sacred portals of the Holy City. Removing my shoes, as the Moslem law demands, I entered barefooted the mysterious Zavia and the mosque, where I knelt in front of the lattice that surrounds the tomb of Mohammed Ben Ali-es-Senussi. The instinctive reverence that I cherish for all sincere religion, although it may not be of my own confession, made me feel as if I were committing a sacrilege, as if I were profaning something sacred to others, as if I were an unlawful intruder. My tourist garb seemed strangely out of place and banal amid such surroundings.

Later, in the golden light of the declining sun, a muezzin called forth from the tall white minaret, in slow, guttural cadences, and turning to all four points of the compass, his summons to worship. And it seemed to me that this call, whose last echoes were lost in the great inscrutable solitude of the darkening desert, was addressed to all the thousands and thousands of the faithful who at that hour were praying to Allah and His prophet Mohammed; that it went out to countless hosts of believers summoned to prayer from all the minarets of Islam, from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea, and from the farthest coasts of Asia to the Gulf of Guinea — a war cry and a wail of despair.

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A MOROCCO FESTIVAL[1]

BY HENRY D. DAVRAY

AID EL KEBIR is the great religious anniversary of the Moors, sometimes called Aid el Kebch, the Festival of the Sheep. On that day no good Mohammedan fails to sacrifice a sheep or a lamb — a custom that goes back to the early days of the faith. According to legend, a wise man of the days of the early prophets, wishing to show his love of the Lord, took his son with him to the top of a lofty mountain, 'so high that one felt he was drawing near to God.' When he arrived at the summit the holy man drew his poniard from his burnoose and said to his son: 'My child, I shall sacrifice you to the Master of the World. May His will be done.'

The son obediently lay down, 'with his forehead against the ground,' that his father might slit his throat in ritual fashion. But the sharp blade refused to cut. Instead, an angel appeared in a column of blinding light and, pointing to a lamb tied to a jujube tree, said: 'God accepts thy sacrifice and is well disposed toward thee. Spare thy beloved son, and sacrifice in his place this animal that Almighty Allah sends thee.'

Obviously we have here an Arab version of Abraham's sacrifice.

For months beforehand each family prepares for the coming sacrifice. Poor people save up money, copper by copper, to buy an animal; and it is wise to make the purchase as early as possible, for prices rise as the festival approaches. Many houses in Fez contain a little stable, often paved with mosaic, for the special use of the sacrificial lamb, where the little victim receives the utmost attention. The children of the household come several times a day to pet it with their henna-tinted hands and to bring it fresh water, chopped grass, and even bread and cakes. They talk to it, to persuade it that its lot is a happy one: 'Instead of being dragged off ignominiously to the slaughterhouse like your brothers, and eaten by ordinary people who never knew you, you will be stained with henna, and so gently — oh, so gently! — will the sharp knife be drawn across your throat that you will never know it. You will never feel but a little prick. Then you will go to sleep to wake up in the glory of the Elysium reserved for the Aid lambs, instead of becoming nothing like ordinary animals.'

In fact, it is a common belief among the people that the sheep slaughtered during the Aid go directly to Paradise and that when the faithful die all the sheep they have sacrificed during their life come running up to them whenever the anniversary recurs. Thereupon, surrounded by these four-footed companions, the spirits of the blest defile in a great procession before the throne of the Lord. In order that he may shine worthily on that occasion, every Mohammedan takes pains to pick out for the sacrifice the finest lamb or sheep that he can find.

[1] From *Mercure de France* (Paris Clerical-Conservative monthly), *January* 15

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At Fez, just before the Aid, little girls, powdered, perfumed, and clad in brocades and gold like princesses of the *Arabian Nights*, go from house to house singing, —

I am little Arfa who brings happiness;
Give me something or I shall go away.
May God bring you a son!
You will stain his finger-nails with henna;
You will present him with a new poniard and new stirrups
On the day of the Aid!

And seldom do the little Arfas depart without receiving more or less *mouzuna*.

A mule is supposed to be an obstinate animal, but he is 'as docile as a lamb' compared with a sacrificial sheep on the morning of the Aid. You see approaching the city from every direction peasants and tribal patriarchs, each leading one — or more — of these animals, who, as soon as it has passed the town gates and entered the narrow streets, braces itself against a wall, and baaing pitifully, as if with a presentiment of its fate, refuses to budge. It seems to say, 'Your promise of perennial green pastures in the Elysian Fields hath no charms for me.'

The owners, expert shepherds though they are, seem at a loss how to proceed. They push the animals with main strength from behind, pull them by their tails or their ears, grab them by their wool, but merely manage to get them forward a step or two. Boys grip them behind by the feet and try to wheelbarrow them forward — whereupon the frightened beasts jib, and that is the end of progress. Finally, unless the animal be too heavy, its owner slings him across his shoulders, as shepherds do in the Bible pictures. That is the only radical solution of the problem. All day long you see these nomads of the *bled*, bare-armed and barelegged, a tiny twisted white turban around their heads that leaves the crown uncovered, wearing only a vest-like, sleeveless cloak of striped woolen goods and short breeches that do not reach the knees, and without jelab or burnoose, walking through the streets, carrying slung across their shoulders, not the beribboned paschal lamb of the Christians, but the sheep of the Aid of the Mohammedans, with its fleece freshly washed and silky and stained with henna, the ears darker than the rest.

The celebration lasts several days, and is seen at its best in Fez, where the Sultan, who is a spiritual as well as a temporal ruler, presides. All day long little clusters of people dot the surrounding plain moving toward the M'salla, a curved wall built in the open country with the convex side toward Mekka. In the centre is a *mihrab*, or structure found in mosques to indicate the direction of Mekka, toward which the faithful turn in prayer. The M'salla occupies a hillside northwest of the city, from which there is a view over a wide sweep of country to the southward. On the left and east lies New Fez, already several centuries old, with its lofty walls and massive gates; and on higher land Old Fez, founded in 808 A.D. In the same direction is the Sultan's palace, embracing within its crenelated walls mosques and minarets, prisons, armories, gardens, and reservoirs, and occupying altogether nearly two hundred acres. To the right and west one can see, amid groves of young trees planted since the French occupation, the broad avenues and white buildings of the European city.

At the M'salla gather, not only the people of Fez and the surrounding country, but cadis and tribesmen from all parts of Morocco. They come on horseback, on muleback, and by automobile. It is indeed a picturesque and multicolored throng that waits patiently here long before the hour of the sacrifice, in a sort of disorderly calm.

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Great men and notables withdraw behind the hangings that form a screen around the walls of the M'salla and sit squatting on their heels in philosophic expectation. Outside, the great press of humble believers grows denser and bigger with constant accessions. Those in front sit down; those behind them stand up. The more fortunate in the rear sit in their saddles, waiting quietly for hours.

At length a cannon roars below amid a cloud of smoke, and the horsemen and infantry of the Sultan's escort take position. The Sultan himself appears on horseback under a great red umbrella, followed by princes, viziers, and other high dignitaries. The procession winds up the ascent amid such cheering that the regular reports of the canon are hardly audible. The bright uniforms of the troops make carpetlike patterns in the midst of the surrounding mass of white jelabs, particolored burnooses, and heavy twisted turbans.

It is only seven o'clock in the morning, but already the sun shines with midday brilliance from the cloudless deep-blue heaven. When the procession reaches the M'salla it disbands in confusion. The Sultan and his suite dismount and vanish behind the curtain, and the prayer of invocation begins. Moving in perfect unison, the entire multitude goes through the traditional graceful rhythmic ritual of the Mohammedan prayer. The Khatib addresses the Sultan. As soon as he is silent the spectators shout in mighty chorus: 'God bless our sovereign.' The Sultan emerges from the mihrab. The head of the butchers' guild leads in two sheep, which he holds down in turn upon the sacrificial stone, while the Khatib makes an incision in their throats. Two mules stand ready, upon which the head of the muleteers' guild places the victims. Thereupon the procession re-forms behind a white standard from the shrine of Mulai Idris, and the bleeding victims are hastened off, one to the palace and the other to the Khatib's residence. It is a happy omen if they reach their destinations before they breathe their last breath. The moment the waiting assembly is informed that this has happened, it again raises a great shout, 'God bless our sovereign,' and pious Moslems congratulate each other saying, 'It will be a good year,' to which others answer, 'May Allah so grant.'

Meanwhile the Sultan and his suite have resumed their mounts, and a long, broad opening has been made through the crowd. The gay silken standards of the different corporations float on either side in the light morning breeze. The tribes mass in regular formation extending beyond the line of vision along the hillside. Some are on foot, some are mounted. They include Arabs from the plains and Berbers from the mountains, peasants and nomads, all clad in their best for their annual presentation to the Sultan.

A moment's pause, and the cortège surrounding His Majesty advances. A fanfare of trumpets sounds. The band of the Foot Guards strikes up a military march. Further on, the Sultan's orchestra, clad in long tunics of different colors, plays wailing native music. To the accompaniment of this discordant racket, the procession moves forward slowly a hundred yards or so. The infantry and ranks of attendants who precede the Sultan open and line up on either side, while the sovereign halts, sitting erect in his saddle under the great red umbrella with which a stalwart mounted attendant with some difficulty shades him from the sun.

Thereupon the presentation of the tribes begins. It is a spectacle that carries a European mind back to an earlier age. Forty or fifty horsemen

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forming a squad two or three ranks deep advance with their cadis in their midst and pronounce the traditional formula of salutation: 'May Allah bless our lord.' Thereupon the master of ceremonies announces in a high voice the name of each tribe. As he does so, the mounted men bow forward three times until their foreheads touch their bridle collars. If the tribes are on foot, the men kneel and prostrate themselves until their foreheads touch the dust. All are magnificently dressed, and the horses wear sumptuous housings.

The Sultan, sitting impassive and motionless in his saddle, carries himself in his simple white garb with truly majestic dignity. As each new tribe is announced, he causes his horse to advance three paces, and all his suite does the same. Thus the presentation continues for hours, but the repetition of the same ceremonial does not tire one, on account of the diversity of garb, and bearing, and racial type, of the successive delegations. A majority of some of the tribes are white — for example, the people of Fez, most of whom are descendants of converted Jews. Others are rotund, round-visaged, dark-skinned men. The Sultan, whose tawny complexion is guaranty to all true believers that as a descendant of the Prophet no Israelite blood flows in his veins, is of the latter type. Still others are pure Berbers, with oval faces, clean-cut features, wiry vigorous bodies, black beards, and handsome eyes. Other tribes present unexpected mixtures of all these features; and some are typical Negroes, with flat noses, thick lips, retreating foreheads, and of huge physique.

All are warriors by predilection and farmers or shepherds by necessity. Some of the horsemen carry swung across their hips long Damascene-barreled Morocco muskets, which they fire and toss into the air during the wild manœuvres that terminate the ceremony.

A cannon peals out again, the procession re-forms, and the crowd disperses. Trumpets, bugles, drums, and other musical instruments strike up, and a cloud of reddish dust envelops the surging multicolored throng.

The Aid el Kebir continues four days more as the *Hedia*. The tribes are received a second time by the Sultan, when they present him their *hedia*, or tribute. On each occasion the Sultan rides out of the palace enclosure in great pomp, and the ceremony is held in a great enclosed space outside the city. On these occasions a green umbrella is carried over the Sultan. The tribes arrive on foot without arms, followed by servants leading horses and mules carrying the presents. The same master of ceremonies announces them, the same formulas of salutation are exchanged, the same obeisances and prostrations are made, and the presents are taken to the palace. These often consisted of handsome horses, magnificent mules, costly carpets and other fabrics woven in the nomads' tents, embroidered cushions, and, sometimes, mysterious coffers that excited the intense curiosity of the spectators. A rumor runs through the crowd that the Mandoub of Tangier had brought four huge trunks — filled, according to some, with heavy coins; according to others, with bank notes. It is also reported that the great cadis of the South have sent directly to the palace fabulous gifts worthy of Harun-al-Rashid.

While the French authorities scrupulously keep away from the religious ceremonies and most of the other observances of those strictly native celebrations, advantage is taken of the presence of so many cadis at Fez to give them an official reception at Dar

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Beida — the 'White House' where the Resident-General resides.

The large ground-floor apartments of this building and the surrounding gardens are ablaze with colored electric lights. Expensive automobiles fill the square in front of the Residency. They are in charge of native chauffeurs who dress in Turkish fashion, for the burnoose and the turban interfere too much with their freedom of movement. As soon as the French had built good roads in Morocco, the landed aristocracy adopted the automobile; so now rich cadis and the wealthier merchants use this form of transportation almost exclusively. It is an interesting spectacle to watch these luxurious limousines roll up and disgorge their picturesque and exotic-looking passengers, whose turbans, covered with the hoods of their jelabs, and ample robes so fill the vehicles that it seems impossible that they could have held the number of people that alight from them.

Undoubtedly the nomadic tastes of the natives make them exceptionally ready to adopt new ways of traveling. No matter to what class he belongs, or whether he be rich or poor, the Moroccan is always on the road. Formerly he was on foot, on horseback, astride a mule, or seated on a camel; to-day he is very often in a motor-car. There is scarcely a village accessible to the highways that has not a garage, generally operated by an Italian or a Spaniard. Its sole vehicle is often a little Ford or Citroen touring car or truck in a state of the utmost dilapidation. Passengers are packed two deep into the affair, for they sit upon each other's knees. Thus the contraption rattles off, and by special grace of Allah — it can be naught else — reaches its destination.

But all the White House guests tonight do not come by automobile; many arrive on muleback, accompanied by servants on foot or on horseback. In Morocco the mule is always the mount de luxe reserved for the master. The animals are lined up against the wall and facing the ranks of automobiles, whose glaring headlights blind them and make them restless.

Along the walks leading to the entrance and in the hallways squat servants waiting for the masters. Beyond is a marble courtyard with a fountain. Next come the reception rooms, at the entrance of which stand Marshal and Mme. Lyautey. The roomy apartments are furnished in half-Moroccan, half-European style. Long divans are ranged against the wall, comfortable easy-chairs and low Arab tables and French desks stand here and there. Everywhere are curious native works of art — a veritable museum collection. On the right and left cadis sit facing each other. One handsome old fellow with a white beard has fallen to sleep in a deep leather-covered chair.

The four great cadis of the South are present. They have been received individually by the Marshal during the day, and important official business has been transacted. The most powerful and the wealthiest of them, the Pasha of Marrākesh, is also the most modestly appareled. He wears a jelab of homespun woolen with black and gray stripes, woven in their tents by the women of his native tribe. I have met him before, and he greets me cordially, his proud, tawny Berber features lighting up with a pleasant smile. He tells me that he will not visit France this season, as is his custom every other year, on account of the fighting in the Rif; although he would much like to see how his race-horses, which he had sent over, perform on the track. Two of his sons are about to enter school at Paris.

As we converse I gaze through a lofty door opening upon a mosaic-

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paved colonnade into the terraced garden outside. Cadis are sitting seated about at different levels, according to the height of the article of furniture on which they have placed themselves, and, as the seats they occupy are completely concealed under their broad burnooses, the effect is rather odd. Still others promenade up and down under a long pergola. Waiters bustle hither and thither with trays of cool water and warm drinks. Servants crouch around a samovar near a fountain brewing *nana*, or tea flavored with peppermint. On a European sideboard stand pitchers of orangeade and lemonade.

I beckon a waiter to serve two pashas and a cadi with whom I am talking. But the cadi, who is from the country, merely glances at his glass and places it brusquely on the table without touching its contents, at the same time saying a few words in his native dialect. The pashas burst out laughing and make a remark, whereupon the cadi, laughing likewise, picks up his glass again and drains the contents.

'He thought it was wine,' the Pasha of Rabat explains.

When these native gentlemen depart, they bid their host and hostess adieu with a grace, a dignity, and a distinction not shared by the Europeans present. Moreover, our Western garb, either civil or military, appears stiff and scanty amid these surroundings. We look like marionettes, as if we had not quite finished dressing, in contrast with these amply and gracefully gowned natives.

But the latter do not appear to as good advantage clambering into their motor-cars, for, being tall and robust men, the feminine way in which they gather up their skirts looks rather awkward. Those who have come on muleback, however, spring lightly into their saddles with the dignity and grace of riders to the manner born. They have the poise and carriage of a warrior race. I can easily imagine them galloping at the head of their cavalry, brandishing in the air their long carbines with pearl-inlaid stocks and long Damascene barrels.

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ECONOMIC READJUSTMENT[1]

BY PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL

At the time when the gold standard was restored in Sweden, the purchasing power of money in that country was already approximately equivalent to that of gold; and it has continued to be so since then, subject to insignificant fluctuations. This is true, however, only when we measure purchasing power by the general price-level. A complete adjustment to the new currency standard has not occurred. The cost of living is somewhat higher than the general price-level, and average wages are decidedly higher — as we say, 'overcompensated.' The result is that, although we have little unemployment, most business enterprises are not earning enough to keep them permanently solvent. We must seek the reason of this, however, not only in our past currency crises, but also in the imperfect accommodation of production to new technique and a new market situation.

England is facing an identical problem of readjustment, with the difference that the solution there seems farther off and the dangers pending its solution are much more serious. To a certain extent England's embarrassments likewise are associated with her currency policy. A school of economists in Great Britian is inclined to attribute her difficulties exclusively to this cause, and to make the restoration of the gold standard solely responsible for her existing business depression and unemployment crisis. The most prominent champion of this theory is J. M. Keynes, who has given it wide publicity. Keynes's argument is that by restoring the gold standard England has artificially increased the value of the pound sterling without bringing about a corresponding reduction in wages and other production costs, and that for this reason Great Britain's ability to compete in the international market has been crippled so as to produce the present unemployment crisis.

In theory there is nothing against this hypothesis. It merely emphasizes the difficulties to be anticipated whenever we increase the value of a currency in international exchange. In case of countries like Denmark and Norway, which have taken a long time to get back on to a gold footing, I have foreseen and predicted this outcome for several years; and the experiences those countries went through this season have been exceedingly unfortunate. The restoration of the English pound to its old gold-value has naturally caused similar difficulties. Those difficulties must have been decidedly less than those of Norway and Denmark, however, for only a small percentage was added to the value of the pound sterling when Great Britain returned to gold. Furthermore, the general price-level in England quickly accommodated itself to a gold footing, and is at present appreciably lower than might reasonably have been feared. To be sure, the cost of living is still high, but not markedly higher than that of the United States. In August 1925 it stood at 173 in Great

[1] From *Taglische Rundschau* (Berlin Stresemann-Party daily), *February* 18

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Britain and 169 in North America. The level of British wages last July was 180. [These percentages refer to the pre-war standard.] Overcompensation, therefore, exists in Great Britain, but it is considerably less there than it is in Sweden, which has a relatively mild unemployment crisis.

In view of these facts, it is quite impossible to maintain that the failure of business to readjust itself to the new gold standard is the principal reason for British unemployment. A return to that standard has naturally brought certain troubles with it. But even if the currency had remained untouched, Great Britain would have encountered practically the same difficulties she faces at present, on account of her failure to adjust herself to new controlling factors in world economics.

Political discussion, like economic discussion at times, overlooks the fact that methods of production have been revolutionized since the World War and that more progress has been made toward reducing production costs within this short period than during any other equal period, perhaps, in the history of the world. This progress, which involves a permanent change in market conditions in several branches of production, is the combined result of technical progress and improved business-organization. Complete adjustment to this new situation demands extraordinary alertness and adaptability, not only on the part of the heads of business undertakings, who must be ready in many cases entirely to reëquip their plants and to change their locations, but also among the working classes themselves. The country that is most alert and ready in these respects, provided it possesses adequate capital, will quickly outdistance its rivals and will be able to keep its factories fully employed. Any policy that hampers this adaptability inevitably delays economic recovery and is the chief cause of unemployment and business depression.

So far as I can see, we have here the key to England's present difficulties. To attribute them primarily to the Bank of England, or to the return to a gold standard in general, is merely to distract attention from the real errors of economic policy I think the Baldwin Cabinet has unquestionably committed. The Government's measures to subsidize industries and to grant doles to idle workers are in defiance of the irresistible changes occurring in conditions of production, and a futile attempt to preserve an impossible status quo. For example, what could be worse under such conditions than to encourage the workingman to stay right where he has always been? This artificial immobilization of labor and industry is not only a disaster for England, but it has set a most unfortunate example for the rest of Europe, which looks upon England as a model to copy in such matters. Sweden is already suffering from imitating England. Hitherto we have followed a comparatively prudent unemployment policy and have made considerable progress toward overcoming our crisis. But the Socialists clamor for us to follow England's footsteps and start on a dole system.

Germany is facing a similar problem of readjustment. But conditions are different in that country, and the practical obstacles in the way of a quick recovery are greater than elsewhere. When she returned to a gold standard it was natural that her money, in view of the prevailing situation, should have a gold parity not appreciably lower than its domestic purchasing power justified. This necessitated a radical increase in home prices. That occurred. Between July 1924 and July 1925 the average price-level, according to the

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official index, rose from 115 to 135. It is impossible to say how comparable these figures are with the Swedish or American index numbers, but it seems certain that the rise of prices in Germany was not exaggerated, and that there is no sound reason why prices should fall again.

Naturally the Reichsbank was compelled during this period of ascending prices to keep the movement in bounds by a high discount rate, a vigorous restriction of credit, and strict control over the expansion of the circulating medium. On the other hand, the Bank apparently made a mistake in continuing its credit-restriction policy, and especially in maintaining a discount rate as high as nine per cent, after prices began to sag again. Possibly part of the responsibility for Germany's severe depression must be charged against this prolongation of credit-restriction. But it is certainly a gross mistake to make Germany's currency policy the principal cause of her present business crisis.

In truth, Germany is likewise involved in a period of readjustment that is forcing her to equip her best industrial plants with the most modern machinery, to concentrate production at these points, and to reform her old business methods. She will have to reduce her costs of production until she can keep her people continuously and profitably employed. That is the goal toward which she must aim. Unfortunately, many persons in that country do not realize this, and still imagine that they can revive business by driving down prices through some sort of currency-juggling. That is false. Irrespective of the general price-level, which is a purely monetary question, Germany, like every other country, must learn how to lower her costs of production by improving her technical equipment and commercial organization.

Germany's situation is relatively more difficult than that of the rest of Europe because it is harder for her to procure the capital she needs to reorganize and reëquip her factories. That handicap will continue to hamper her for a long time, since her reparations payments will be a constant drain upon her resources. The only way that she can revive her industries is by accumulating capital at home. Let her beware of attempting what England has tried to do — that is, to maintain the economic status quo. Any measures that interfere with the industrial revolution now occurring will only weaken her. Adaptability to new conditions is the indispensable prerequisite of her future prosperity.

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DIPLOMACY — A JAPANESE OPINION [1]

BY MASANAO HANIHARA

[ADDITIONAL interest attaches to the following discussion of the moot question of how far diplomacy should be controlled by the popular branch of the government by the fact that its author was the Japanese Ambassador to the United States at the time of the temperamental episode attending the passage of our Exclusion Law. The article is not addressed to foreign readers, having appeared originally in *Gaiko Jiho*, the Tokyo 'Diplomatic Review.']

THE age when it was regarded as the proper function of diplomacy recklessly to push aside, threaten, and ensnare other nations on the pretext of protecting the interests or honor of one's country, and when wiles and chicanery were considered an essential part of diplomatic dealings, has fortunately passed. Times have so far advanced that increasingly greater importance is attached in diplomacy to international justice, mutual concession, forbearance, and coöperation.

This is the logical result of the modern idea that political policies should be governed by the popular will. Since every right carries with it corresponding responsibilities, however, the greater the share the common people take in the government the more necessary it is for them to be informed regarding administrative and diplomatic questions. Unfortunately, however, the common people of every country, although they are more or less conversant with questions of domestic government, still lack knowledge and training in international affairs.

In former times, when diplomatic relations were still under the care of the crown or of a privileged minority, the welfare and the interests of the ordinary man were often sacrificed to mistaken patriotism or personal ambition. Nowadays, however, no government can launch upon a war without the heartiest support of a majority of its citizens; but, on the other hand, a government may be rushed into war against its will by the pressure of an excited populace. With our present democratic institutions, where the favor of the voters counts for everything, political parties greedy for power or unscrupulous politicians eager for self-aggrandizement may embark their country upon dangerous diplomatic ventures for the sake of momentary selfish advantages. Not infrequently the settlement of a dispute between two governments is rendered extremely difficult, notwithstanding the earnest efforts and conciliatory attitude of their authorities, because the common people are carried away by narrow-minded patriotism or mutual antagonisms and insist upon having their own way, often to their ultimate immeasurable loss. And this misfortune is due directly to lack of diplomatic knowledge and training among the masses.

We see, consequently, many cases where the leading statesmen of a country are quite ready to adopt enlightened diplomatic measures and to arrange a

[1] From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Kobe Anglo-Japanese weekly), *February* 11

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peaceful solution of international difficulties, but feel forced to insist upon the extreme demands of their people and fear to admit the reasonable claims or contentions of the other negotiating Power, lest they be thrown out of office by a blind majority, wrong-headedly bent upon having its own way regardless of the merits of the case at issue.

International controversies can seldom be settled agreeably to the contentions and claims of either party alone. On the contrary, they are adjusted by mutual concession and compromise. It is unnecessary to insist that international disputes should be settled amicably, but nations have still to learn that in order to do this the public mind in each country must be reasonable and temperate. In other words, each nation as a whole must face the facts of its relations with its neighbors in a large-minded and tolerant way. It must be capable of weighing arguments fairly and of holding its diplomats accountable for doing the same.

Let me repeat once more: the only way to attain this object is by increasing the diplomatic knowledge and training of the people. The better each nation understands its own rights the more reluctant it will be to abuse those rights or to make unreasonable demands that are not justified by them; and the more thoroughly it realizes its own international obligations the less apt it will be to become angry because other countries insist upon the fulfillment of those obligations. As the public of every country becomes more familiar with the customs of international intercourse, with the exercise of self-control, with the spirit of coöperation and courtesy among nations, which generations of human experience have taught us are essential to maintain the peace of the world, then negotiations between governments will be made much smoother. The people of each country will refrain more carefully from retarding or hindering a settlement of controversies by uselessly wounding the feelings of other nations or breaking faith with them. A more comprehensive knowledge of the history and conditions of our neighbors will also help us to understand their attitudes and will lessen our ill-will and prejudice against them.

Every civilized country to-day has courts of justice to decide cases involving the rights and obligations of private citizens, and officials whose duty it is to enforce obedience to the law. Nevertheless the peace and order of society depend primarily, not on fear of the police and the law courts, but on the law-abiding habits of the people and the mutual respect for the rights of others that have become an instinctive part of their conduct. In like manner, the true foundation of international peace is not the fear or awe in which one nation stands of another, but the spirit of justice and forbearance which regulates the conduct of nations toward each other, the will of every country to respect the rights of its neighbors as well as to protect its own rights, its solicitude to be fair and courteous in dealing with them.

Since the foreign policy of every government is determined by its national interests, conflicts of interests inevitably arise between nations; but it is a great mistake to assume that such conflicts must necessarily be settled by force. No controversy that could not be amicably settled would ever arise between countries possessing a perfect knowledge and training in international affairs. Enlightened statesmen realize to-day that no vital interest of any country is incompatible with the vital interests of another country. When nations pursue foreign policies that lead to war, it is because their concepts

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of international justice are still primitive and distorted.

Some people argue that our present system of popular parliamentary government suffers from the incurable defect of being ever at the mercy of a shallow, arbitrary, selfish, irresponsible, fickle public opinion. When a popular government makes mistakes in regard to domestic matters in response to misguided public sentiment, the harm done is comparatively small and can be remedied; but when these mistakes are committed in the domain of foreign affairs they may lead to irretrievable disaster. Therefore, these men argue, diplomacy should be taken out of the hands of the masses. Experience shows that there is something in this argument; but the day has come when the people cannot be denied the right to exercise an influence upon important measures that widely affect their own welfare, simply because these measures relate to diplomatic matters.

Moreover, while public opinion is undoubtedly more excitable and prone to dangerous errors in dealing with foreign questions than in dealing with domestic questions, it is nevertheless fairer and safer than is generally supposed when properly informed and given time for reflection. The French people to-day would not approve Louis Napoleon's Mexican expedition or his Prussian war. The British public of the present generation would never tolerate the Opium War in China, and looks back upon the last South African War as a blunder. American sentiment would to-day condemn such measures as led to the Mexican War fought by that country seventy-five years ago; and not a few Americans doubt the justice of their last war with Spain. These historical facts indicate that every progressive nation is adopting a more enlightened attitude in respect to its own interests, and is becoming more open-minded to the decrees of international justice.

I believe therefore that it is incumbent upon the modern statesman to take the public into his confidence and to defer to its opinion, although diplomats must be allowed broader discretion in dealing with matters calling for prompt attention than we allow to officials dealing exclusively with domestic questions.

In short, the aim of modern diplomacy is to win the confidence and good-will of other countries. This is particularly true of Japan, which is peculiarly dependent on the friendly coöperation of other nations for her welfare and progress. Nothing is more fatal for us, therefore, than to cultivate narrow-minded exclusivism, unintelligent self-conceit, and benighted egoism. In the same way that modesty and courtesy do not lessen but enhance the prestige of individuals, so a nation wins honor by being truthful, courteous, and friendly in its dealings with other nations and does not thereby sacrifice one particle of its independence and dignity. If a nation cannot keep its own household in order, and if it cannot observe the highest courtesy of international good-breeding, challenging and self-assertive diplomacy will never heighten its prestige or increase its influence in world affairs.

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CHILDISHNESS IN ADULT LIFE[1]

BY D. FRASER HARRIS

Most people, if asked to say what characterizes the social life of the present day, would reply, 'The applications of natural science to our pleasures and convenience.' And yet it is abundantly evident that along with these notable and astounding developments of science there is a very great deal of what can only be described as childishness. If ever there was an age when a rational view of knowledge seemed paramount, it is the present, and yet coexistent with this there is a vast underlying substratum of the irrationality of the immature mind. The particular variety of mental immaturity of which we are thinking is the incapacity to grasp the universality of the doctrine of cause and effect. The *post hoc* is everywhere mistaken for the *propter hoc*, and this not only among the uneducated masses, but among those whose training should have disposed them to think far otherwise.

The persistence of superstition in the life of to-day is due mainly to two causes, one the receptivity and suggestibility of minds which have never grasped the meaning of causation, the other the perpetuation of the superstitions themselves through the working of racial psychic momentum. It is chiefly in the female mind that these superstitions are preserved. When women get into a panic because thirteen people are at table, when they think it unlucky to go under a ladder, to spill salt, to break a mirror, to open an umbrella in the house, to see the moon through glass, or a spider in the morning, to wear green at weddings, they are carrying on into adult life an infantile conception of cause and effect. A very large number of people confuse 'chance' in the mathematician's sense with 'good luck' or 'bad luck.' By 'bad luck' they do not mean 'chance' as amenable to mathematical analysis, but a malevolent influence which follows them through life, destroys their schemes, and ruins their prospects. In fact, they still believe in a modern form of 'witch's curse' or the 'evil eye.'

People who really believe that a horseshoe hung on the door brings good luck, or that a small figure — usually ugly — stuck on the bonnet of their car as a 'mascot' can do anything to ward off bad luck; are still in the stage of those who believed that evil spirits bringing calamities could be frightened away by some particularly hideous image — the idol. The Chinese believe that their crackers and bell-ringing have the same power. The 'mascot' of to-day is the idol of the savage or the pagan. But the belief in bad luck as caused by inanimate things and things wholly outside our control is not confined to women; it is stated by a prominent London lawyer that he never arranges for any men among his clients to sign a will on a Friday. This belief in bad luck is, then, not confined to Irish peasants and Chinese laborers; it still flourishes in the drawing-

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *January*

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rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia.

The puerilities of the belief in ghosts, in persons possessed of mediumistic, supernormal power, in evil spirits, 'emanations,' astral bodies, 'ectoplasm,' spirit photographs, *et hoc genus omne*, really represent in the age of science the beliefs that belonged to the very dark ages before Kepler, Galileo, Harvey, or Newton had ascertained some of the general principles on which the workings of the universe in general, and the human body in particular, are conducted. The same applies very largely to the childishness about the weather, to old wives' tales and folklore about signs in the sky. Those who continue to believe, for instance, that the moon affects the weather have no notion of the real factors that go to produce meteorological changes, have never understood barometric pressure, pressure gradients, anticyclonic and cyclonic types of weather, nor the effects of the temperature of the air and its moisture as the sources of winds.

And yet it may be said, 'These people are educated.' Possibly; but the fact is that education in itself does not eradicate hereditary tendencies to superstition; education may mask, but it does not abolish, the influence of racial functional momentum. The truth is, however, that many of these people are *not* educated in the real sense of the word; for education is the process whereby we learn how to acquire knowledge rather than the mere acquiring of it. The knowing about things is not being educated; it is being instructed. Education is the appreciation of the value of knowledge, of its quality rather than its quantity. It is the conviction that we are forced to recognize a rational principle underlying all things. Education is, of course, to be distinguished, but often is not, from civilization on the one hand and culture on the other. And 'civilization' is often used as though it were a synonym for culture, which it is not.

Civilization is essentially the substituting for the laborious methods of nature — including one's own and one's slaves' muscular exertions — the labor-saving devices of machinery, whereby life is rendered easier. Since the scientific renaissance, civilization has been essentially the application of the discovery of the laws of the universe, and of the properties of matter and of energy, to the solution of the problem how to secure the leisure necessary for thought and recreation.

Culture is something far beyond both education and civilization. It is the desire that all the activities of mind and body should be interpenetrated by the enjoyment of the beautiful; it is the suffusing of the commonplace with the gracious spirit of beauty until the natural man becomes transfigured into a being of a higher and more exquisite order. Clearly culture has to be based on education; a cultured person must be an educated person, but an educated person need not be a cultured one. You can have an educated devil, and a civilized devil, but you cannot have a cultured one; for the love of beauty — culture — pervades everything in the life physical, mental, and moral. You can have educated savages with the veneer of civilization, but 'cultured savages' is a contradiction in terms. Thus the so-called 'Teutonic Kultur' was scientific education, not culture at all, for it sacrificed beauty ruthlessly to the supposed exigencies of military necessity. The cultured person dare not destroy beauty; he realizes too intensely that there is so little of it in the world, and what there is is a joy *forever*. Civilization without culture is indeed a veneer; it does not remove the primitive, ancestral, social traits and tendencies which shall endure through the operation of physiological momen-

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tum as long as man shall endure.

Now childishness is one of these ancestral traits, and inevitably it will be perpetuated by the same social momentum. It expresses itself even in those highly educated people who walk about with an iron ring round a finger or a raw potato in their pocket to ward off rheumatism, or who believe that a piece of red flannel has much more efficacy than a white one tied round the neck for sore throat. But are not the masses still children, and still to be amused as such? One may pass over the 'Amusements Park' at an exhibition, but for what purpose other than to attract the attention of grown-up children is all this disfiguring of cities at night with flaring electric lights, devices showing the wheels of a motor-car going round, or a glass being filled from a gin-bottle? It is a crude, large-scale, visual appeal to childishness in adult life. What a commentary on civilization in Britain after two thousand years is Piccadilly Circus at night!

Egregious childishness can exist alongside the most marvelous applications of the knowledge of the hidden forces of nature, such as are witnessed, for instance, in wireless telephony, the airplane, and the submarine boat. There is no doubt that the amount of exact physicochemical and biological knowledge diffused among the people is small: many people to-day do really believe the earth is flat and that the sun goes round it, although they do not like to admit this belief because there seems to be a general prejudice against it. One very marked mode of expressing the childishness of adults is the uncritical acceptance of the statements in advertisements of 'quack' medicines. A great many people will believe anything that is told them sufficiently often with sufficient emphasis. The quantity of impotent drugs swallowed at the present day is enormous. No statements about their omnipotence are too absurd to be accepted, no amount of adverse criticism of their worthlessness carries any conviction.

Some years ago, while the trial involving some disputed point about a patent pill was proceeding, and while it was being demonstrated in court that the pill contained no substance of any efficacy whatever, the notices of the virtues of the panacea continued to appear in the newspapers, and the volume of the sales was scarcely diminished. It is as true to-day as the day when it was written: *populus vult decipi*. A very great deal of the excessive novel-reading of the present day is nothing more or less than the revival of the childish love of being 'told a story.'

The appeal made to a certain type of mind by some phases of religion and some fantastic Transatlantic 'isms' is largely because these minds have arrived at no adequate conception of cause and effect. Only to an uncritical, childish mentality can this sort of thing appeal. While there is no doubt that much good can come from the attitude of mind advocated by Monsieur Coué, yet in some quarters the practical result of his method is perfectly absurd, as when we have seen a number of hopelessly incurable general paralytics mumbling unceasingly through their anarthria, 'Every day and in every way, I am getting better.' It was pathetic in its hopelessness and puerility; it was childishness *in excelsis*.

A notable expression of childishness in adult life is the way in which women will follow a fashion whether it suits them or not. If the vogue is to build up the hair — congenital or acquired — into a pyramid, or to cut most of it off, all save a few discriminating women will follow the fashion uncomplainingly. Forty years ago the decree was to look

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like a wasp; now it is to appear almost unidimensional; but whatever it is, it is adopted at the risk of discomfort, and even of pain. Perhaps the most irritating result of trying to look very thin is that no pockets are allowed in any garment, with the result that all things needful are carried in a receptacle which, not being an organic part of the costume, is apt to be lost, stolen, or mislaid with disastrous facility.

The imitative faculty so noticeable in children is responsible for the ease with which a phrase often half understood spreads through the community. Thus the words 'psychological moment,' which as a joke were originally tolerable, have been used in season and out of season until the repetition is unbearable. To some extent the phrase is illiterate, for if translated out of Greek it means 'the study-of-the-mind moment.' What Oscar Wilde intended his character to say was the critical, right, suitable, or opportune moment — no more than that. 'Psychological' is not the synonym for any of these terms. Another silly phrase which has caught the fancy of our grown-up children is, 'I had a brain wave,' when all that is meant is, 'it suddenly occurred to me.' This is oftenest used by those who know little or nothing about the brain or about waves. There is a third- or fourth-rate type of mind which rejoices in phrases and proverbs such as 'the aching void,' 'the better the day the better the deed,' and other superficial non-sequiturs.

Closely allied to this sort of thing is the childishness of shibboleths which flourishes from the reciprocally reënforcing influences of childishness and snobbery. These often go hand in hand. It is well known that there is no greater snob than the schoolboy, and many adults are still in that stage. Each class has its own shibboleth; and the unreflecting acceptance of one of these, as the final word in all that is right or fitting, is the sign of an undeveloped sense of values and of a crude mentality: it is social Peter-Panism. Many things that pass for humor are the most puerile ineptitudes. Much of the old-fashioned 'music-hall' stage humor was in itself so silly that, when separated from the comical dress, attitudes, speech, and gestures of the comedian, it became emetical. Each few years develops a new phrase indicative of the inanity of its humor, as when people keep on saying, 'Now we shan't be long,' 'Everything in the garden's lovely,' 'A little bit off the top,' and so on in an endless series of cacophonies.

There is much childishness on a large scale in contemporary life when processions pass through the streets of a city with the leaders waving flags. Doubtless these perambulators are intended to impress the public with the importance of their cause or movement, seeing that they have employed the obvious method of muscular locomotion. The childish intolerance which decides that no man shall wear a straw hat before or after a certain day in the year is an example of childishness in adult life, as expressed in an impertinent interference in other people's affairs. From their lack of sympathetic imagination, children are very intolerant. The apparent necessity for 'rat' weeks, 'swat-the-fly' weeks, 'clean-up' weeks, pure-milk weeks, fire-prevention weeks, and so on, is another proof on a huge scale that we are all children of a larger growth, and that we cannot kill rats or flies, or keep our cellars clean, or Pasteurize milk, as individuals, but must be impelled thereto by the infectivity of a slogan or hygienic 'Fiery Cross.'

The success that attends fortune-telling, crystal-gazing, the revelations of the fashionable palmist, the predictions of gypsies, and other itinerant

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irresponsibilities, is wholly due to the strong vein of childishness that runs through the mental constitution of even the most mature of us. What is *Moore's Almanac* in its astrological aspect but an annual appeal to childishness? For it is supremely childish in 1926 to continue to believe in the influences of the stars, in having one's horoscope 'cast,' in lucky and unlucky conjunctions of the planets on one's birthday, in the baleful influence of comets and that sort of thing that was honestly believed when astrology had not as yet given place to astronomy, nor alchemy to chemistry. There was a day — about seven hundred years ago — when the first intellects of Europe believed that the heavenly bodies did really influence human destiny, when 'ill-starred' did actually refer to the stars, when 'the music of the spheres' and 'the stars in their courses' were axioms in physics, but *nous avons changé tout cela*, or think we have.

One expression of childishness in adult life which may actually be a serious menace to the welfare of the community is the activities of the anti-vaccinators. This particular form of childishness is that these people are unable to appreciate the import of the historical and statistical evidence in favor of vaccination against smallpox. The antivaccinators do not believe that the question whether there shall or shall not be universal vaccination is one for the medical expert, and not for the layman at all. These antivaccinating members of the laity are impervious to evidence, and are constantly making mistakes about cause and effect. They are the present-day representatives of that class of person who throughout the ages has opposed everything new. Edward Jenner was by no means the only promulgator of a discovery who suffered opposition and misrepresentation, for Galileo, Harvey, Simpson, Semmelweiss, and Lister were all, at first at least, ridiculed, thwarted, and opposed. This form of childishness, as an expression of social psychological inertia, may be a very serious thing for the public health. Possibly some of the leaders of antivaccination are ineducable, which is an expression of physiological inertia.

Childishness in adult life occasionally expresses itself in morbid emotionalism, as when a whole community signs a petition to reprieve a murderer. The unreasoning and irresponsible adult childishness overlooks the fact that legal experts have considered all the aspects of the case and deliberately come to the conclusion that the prisoner is guilty of murder, and that, as the law stands, the death sentence must be carried out. But just as the child who happens to want something very much totally ignores your explanations of why he cannot have it, so a community in virtue of its childishness will brush aside the whole logical chain of reasons whereby the criminal was convicted, and simply cry out that the sentence must be commuted.

Many people never grow up. The childishness of the present-day adult may be concealed or repressed by the conventions of society, but it quickly rises to the surface when any great crisis is being passed through or momentous event witnessed. The extravagances known as 'Mafficking' are the violent uprushing through the veneer of civilization of the latent childishness deep in the emotional nature of ninety-nine per cent of us. Just as the hashish-poisoned Oriental 'runs amuck' in his murderous career, so the educated adult of 1926 returns on occasions at one leap to the irrepressible violence and buffoonery of his irresponsible childhood. The Armistice was the occasion for the ebullition of emotional infantilism on a scale hitherto unknown.

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Grave and reverend seniors joined in the commotion; respectable people danced on restaurant tables and deliberately threw the crockery about the room.

Delight in the creation of sheer noise is not confined to the half-intoxicated 'bean-feasters' of Whitechapel on Derby Day; at times it can overcome the so-called educated classes. The following is the description of bringing in the New Year in New York:—

> The crowds on Broadway at midnight were colossal, and the noise was indescribable. The hubbub was augmented by a radio which transmitted the noise made in other towns. 'Liquor-drunk and money-drunk' is the phrase used by the *New York Tribune*. Vendors of cowbells, horns, and other noise-making instruments did a roaring trade at prices double those of last year.

Some critics would call this vulgarity; but healthy children love noise, and the nursery is its place: here we have an atavistic return to the nursery or to the monkey-tree on a very large scale. Those who thus saw the New Year in were still acting as children; when they became men they had not put away 'childish things.'

Just as under the placid surface of conventional morality and respectability the psychoanalyst tells us there are vast submerged complexes of immoral and criminal tendencies, so under the educated, civilized exterior of the adult man and woman of to-day there is a great substratum of pure childishness. 'Scratch the Russian and you find a Tartar'; but it does not require very much emotional scarification of the adult to reveal the unchanged child within. Just as the Great War undoubtedly brought to the surface much of the self-denial, heroism, and hardihood fortunately still latent in many men and women, so certain times of peculiar stress may reveal the not very deeply hidden childishness that lurks in the mental make-up of most of us.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

SUMMARY OF A PRIVATE LETTER

[THE following article is summarized from a translation of an unsigned letter by a responsible Russian, whose identity it is necessary to keep secret for his own safety, published in *Put*, or 'The Way,' a Russian religious journal established in Paris last year and edited by a distinguished group of Russian Christian scholars.]

THE Russian Church is now passing through a period of expiring persecution. Passionate class-hatred has abated somewhat, and an acute but equally passionate craving for pleasure not restrained by religious or social claims has come to the fore. Pilfering of private and State revenues by those in authority, betrayal of their true convictions by the intellectuals, depravity in the younger generation, gross materialism in the masses, the negation of Church, God, and any form of religion, characterize our present society

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— a society that is perfectly heathen in its new way. And arraigned against these conditions we see the Church, weakened in numbers, but strengthened by the fires of persecution.

Our antireligious Government has evidently relinquished the intention of destroying the Church by physical violence. The Church has proved stronger than her persecutors, who find themselves obliged to make concessions to the masses, who still value the Church and will not give her up. Priests are no longer executed, and religious worship is subjected to few restrictions. This does not mean that it is quite free. Church processions are still forbidden, and church buildings are closed from time to time, 'by the demand of the working classes.' At present, when almost daily trains carry hundreds of exiled students, soldiers, merchants, intellectuals, and even Marxists and Zionists, to Siberia, it would be strange if priests as well were not exiled. But already many bishops and priests, having finished their term of 'punishment,' are returning to their former dioceses and parishes. They have come back to strengthen the vacillating and to gather together the faithful, bringing with them a spirit of dauntless loyalty to the Church.

Our Communist authorities still regard their struggle against God as one of their chief objectives, but they prefer to kill the spirit, not the body. They do this in the schools, in literature, in official atheistic publications, in the theatre. Their advantage lies in their remarkably extensive propaganda organization and their complete control of all cultural institutions. To scoff at things sacred is still looked upon as proof of political enlightenment, but the disgusting public processions of the *Comsomol* are recognized as harmful, and the authorities are trying to suppress these hooligans. The desecration of graves and cemeteries is no longer encouraged; and Bukharin himself recently declared in a public address: 'Let no one think that because he defiles the doorstep of a priest he is leading in antireligious propaganda.'

The so-called 'Living,' or Sovietized, section of the Church no longer troubles us as it did at first. Its leaders have failed to enlist either the support of the masses or the sympathy of the idealists. The former resist them with their ritualistic conservatism; the latter can forgive neither the blood they have spilled nor their friendship with the godless. But few church buildings are in their hands, — although cathedrals in the capital and the provincial towns have been turned over to them, — and those they possess are empty. The only sections of the clergy that have allied themselves with this movement are those who seek selfish advancement or those who are too frightened and cowed to have a will of their own; the only laymen who attend their services are those who are too indolent to change their parish and simply go to the church nearest their homes, consoling themselves with the idea that disputes between the clergy are no concern of theirs. Moreover, services in the Soviet Church for the most part follow the old ritual, and its priests as a rule do not preach revolution, but merely obedience to the authorities, 'who are from God.' In other words, the Living Church is not in essence revolutionary, but a revival of the old State Church of Tsarist days, with its unprincipled, bureaucratic spirit.

I believe the Soviet Government feels reassured in certain respects regarding the Russian Church as a whole. It no longer fears plots among the clergy or political propaganda from the pulpit. Furthermore, the Church's present abstention from politics is more than precautionary and tactical. It is due to

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her complete absorption in spiritual questions. Suffering and persecution produce an ascetic and mystical exaltation that lifts men out of their material and political cares. They are ready to commit the salvation of the fatherland to the hands of God. Our revolution and social reforms are so complex that no one can accept or refute them en bloc. Among the ranks of the faithful are many who fought in the Red Army. The White and the Red meet in church over the same sacramental cup. Consequently the Church is wise in refraining from reopening the fresh wounds of political passion.

But the Church's passive acceptance of Soviet rule in no wise denotes indifference to the Communist idea. She combats steadfastly Communist ideology and ethics; but the sharp point of the spiritual sword is directed, not against the political party ruling Russia, but against the spirit inculcated by that party.

So we see the Church emerging victorious from a period of persecution and schism. There can be no doubt of that. But what are the fruits of this victory? Is the Church increasing in numbers while she grows purer and stronger? Among what social classes does she find most of her adherents?

Now as formerly the Church is the national sanctuary. Everywhere else Russia is still divided by insurmountable class-barriers. Outwardly the appearance of our congregations has changed. The poorly clad peasant masses no longer fill our temples. In the cities a majority of those attending service are intellectuals. These are of very different types and have been brought to the Church in many different ways. Some find in her arms consolation for their bereavement, some a shelter for their wounded love of country. Others, the young and hopeful, are not driven to her by sorrow and suffering, but are attracted by the hope and promise for Russia's future that the Church affords them. Many of our clergymen and bishops now come from the ranks of the laymen. It would be an exaggeration to say that the intellectuals outnumber the others, but they are a very considerable fraction of our congregations. Many workmen attend the suburban churches, as do many tradesmen. These have changed less in outward appearance than the other classes.

And what of their numbers? They are very large, but it is difficult to say whether they form a minority or a majority of the nation. We have no accurate statistics, and can judge only by the size of our congregations. Our churches are filled, but not to overflowing. When we consider that the edifices turned over to the 'Living Church' are practically empty, it would appear that the total attendance is smaller than before the Revolution. Neither is it increasing rapidly. The terrible years of 1917–1920 were a period of religious revival. Since then conversions have been less frequent. Among the city poor the Baptists and different sects of 'Brethren' find many new adherents. The simplicity of their moral preaching and the strictness of their personal lives attract many. Among the cultured, the old infatuation for Tolstoi, theosophy, and even for Roman Catholicism, has vanished. The Orthodox Church has rallied to it practically all the truly religious-minded among our intellectuals. One consolation is that we have no more 'dead leaves,' as Tiutcheff used to call them. None among us attends in order 'to do the proper thing,' or 'to stand well in the community.' On the contrary, some are prevented from attending because they hold official positions.

In the villages we witness a different

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picture — although our knowledge of conditions there is far less general. We can judge only from what we see in villages near a railway, and consequently more or less influenced by city manners. Unquestionably Russia still has a great number of secluded communities where conditions remain practically what they have been for centuries. The first thing we notice in the villages, however, is that the churches are nearly empty. As a rule, only women and old men attend service. The youth have imbibed the teaching of atheism. The middle-aged who have come back from the war, after traveling far and wide over the world, have brought with them a large dose of skepticism, or at least religious indifference. Occasionally we discover a village that is being treated to 'a course of enlightenment' by the Soviet authorities. But it takes to this without much enthusiasm. The sound common-sense of our peasants makes them incurably suspicious of all kinds of theories, which have so much attraction for our city laborers. Nevertheless, this propaganda undermines the old faith. So the peasant is preoccupied just now with what he considers practical things. He has become intensely interested in the cultivation of the soil. He has lost the feeling of mystery that formerly surrounded his conceptions of agriculture. But he has a conservative instinct that makes him want to keep the Church as a ritualistic institution. Girls rarely consent to marry without a religious ceremony. Children are still baptized; the burial service is read; the traditional festivals are observed.

As a rule, the village clergy have not passed through the purifying fire of persecution. They remain timid and oppressed, not much above their fellow villagers in culture and education. Materially they have lost some of their revenues, but the village still gives them enough to live upon — in any case more than the school-teachers.

The layman's influence in church matters has increased. The Bolshevist law separating Church and State turned the churches over to parish committees of twenty elected representatives. They keep the church building in repair, call and dismiss pastors, and exercise the fullest rights of congregational autonomy. Rarely does a bishop venture to interfere in a parish election. Consequently the priest's hold on his parish is entirely dependent on his moral and religious authority. Even matters of ritual are often taken out of his hands by the laymen. The parish committee determines whether the building is to belong to the Living or to the Patriarchal Church, whether the preaching is to be 'extreme' or moderate. As a rule, the laymen are conservative. A priest passing over to the Living Church is nearly always obliged to manœuvre so as to abolish the old committee and secure the election of a new one; but this usually results in an empty church and the break-up of the parish.

While years of persecution have weakened the outward unity and solidarity of the Church, and for a time the only direction she received was from the Holy Spirit abiding in her, her unity has been most marvelously preserved. Among the spiritual fruits of this period, one, I think, is visible to all. We have witnessed a remarkable outward improvement of divine service. It now possesses a severe beauty that could not formerly be found. Never before has it been performed in so solemn and spiritual a manner. . . . In nearly all, even of the smallest churches, there are beautiful choirs. The faithful are loath to quit the temple. They love the long services, sometimes lasting on festal days for five hours. In a few cases, though this is

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with great circumspection, new prayers have been introduced into the ritual. . . .

The monastic idea, which a short time ago seemed to belong to the past ages, is again growing popular. Not all monasteries have been closed. Here and there they still exist under the name of 'laboring communities,' some even in the capital itself. Others have been converted into institutions where aged cripples and invalids are allowed to pass the remainder of their lives as custodians and keepers of sacred objects and relics that have been declared to be objects of art worthy of preservation by the existing Government. These monasteries attract many, but monastic life is to-day possible for only a few. So the ascetic ideal seeks for a new outlet, which is found by uniting in lay communities while still living the life of the world. These groups keep in close touch with the Church and are under the guidance of the clergy.

Another institution that shows great vitality is the old custom of resorting to aged and particularly venerated monks famous for saintliness and spiritual gifts, for counsel and leadership. Most of these *startsy* are connected with monasteries, but sometimes a parish priest famous for his ascetic life and deep spiritual insight acquires that position. Not infrequently he is a priest deprived of his parish by the Soviet authorities. Such men wield great influence over large numbers of people. These non-monastic startsy occupy rather the place of father confessors to their followers. Their influence, which is more widespread than formerly, must be regarded as a new feature of Russian life. . . .

Christian thought suffers from severe oppression more than Christian life. The Word is in fetters, intercourse between individuals very limited. We know that many write without any hope that they will see their books published. This gives an exclusive importance to oral teaching. The pulpit, also bound by official fetters, cannot satisfy the great demand, though it has given birth to many remarkable preachers. Among them we witness the tendencies of which we have already spoken as existing in the whole Church — ethical questions and questions regarding apologetics are the prevalent ones. The vacancy that cannot be filled by public speech is often satisfied by private conversation. At the present moment it has reached in Russia a very high degree of intensity. It often manifests itself by prayers in common; the absence of scientific organization is supplemented by the intensity of religious fervor. In such an atmosphere even abstract differences of opinion and theoretical disputes — very hot sometimes — do not generally produce any ill-feeling, any inner separation; do not stand in the way of a brotherly communion between people of very different points of view. Life in the midst of a Church that is persecuted, life in the midst of Christ's enemies, face to face with schism, constant communion in the same divine service and in the sacraments — all this produces a feeling of great unity even among those following different tendencies and possessing different religious opinions.

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'WOG'[1]

BY T. EARLE WELBY

THE poets are fortunate; they can express the most intimate of their experiences, and yet keep their secrets. We others, who work in prose, how can we avoid making ourselves a motley to the view? It does not lessen our embarrassment if the love we would express is not for a human being; to write of one's love for a dog is, almost inevitably, to get oneself relegated to the category of foolish sentimentalists. Yet what kind of love can it be that will not take the risks incidental to expression? 'Say it with flowers,' the florist's sign exhorts us. 'Say it with bones,' to the dog; and I endeavor to do so; but there remain things hardly to be said in that medium. True, I might talk to him, as I do, and leave it at that. But if you are accustomed to being in print, you seem hardly to have said a thing till it is in print. Besides, since he cannot understand more than my general intention when I speak to him, I am almost bound to address what I would say of him to people who can, and a few of whom, initiates, perhaps will.

His name is 'Wog,' though, like the dog in the classic advertisement, he 'answers, reluctantly, to "d—— you, come here."' He is a wire-haired terrier, old style. He is two and a half years old, with a genius for remaining a puppy. Abandoning no game of his infancy, he has given up only one habit, that of putting himself in the corner when scolded. As a puppy, at the first word of reprimand he would retreat to the nearest corner, push his face against the angle of the walls, and remain there, only now and then turning a ludicrously woebegone visage over his shoulder, till some word of forgiveness was spoken to him. So comic was the exaggeration of sorrow in his expression that, I fear, we sometimes delayed pardon a few moments for the amusement of the spectacle. Alas, there is a lamentable truth in that masterpiece of the Marquis de Sade: '"*O monsieur, il est donc possible qu'on puisse prendre du plaisir à voir souffrir?*" "*Tu le vois,*" *lui répondait cet homme immoral.*' I am glad he outgrew that penitential trick at six months.

All other usages of his extreme youth he has retained, and notably a certain method of dealing with temporary superfluous bones. These, since it is his fate and mine to live on a very high level, without access to a private garden or yard, he can cover with none but imaginary dust. But he has imagination. The bone being deposited in the centre of the carpet, he circles round it, without haste, without rest, his nose shoveling on to it the dust that, as Walter Pater said of a possibly more important desideratum, is either not there at all or not there in any satisfying measure. After some five minutes the bone is, by convention, hidden. Both the high contracting parties observe the convention strictly: he takes no notice of the hypothetically concealed bone, glare it never so whitely, and I walk over it as though it were under a great mound of dust. Once

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *February* 6

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only has the convention been violated, by a charwoman, now I trust condemned to the task of cleaning the kennel of Cerberus while those three mouths nibble at the redundancies of her figure. The right of denouncing the convention during which neither 'Wog' nor I have official cognizance of the very obvious bone is vested exclusively in him, and he expands or contracts the period of observance at his absolute discretion. Sometimes he will find the bone, with every symptom of surprise, in twenty minutes; at other times he will let it rest quietly under the drums and tramplings of three days' carpet-sweeping. There is, thank heaven, no charwoman now, only an aged and dog-worthy man of all work, who is very mindful of Shakespeare's curse on the moving of bones.

It is part of the charm of my dog that he has a gracious manner toward any servant, and was polite even to Kate, of accursed memory, who once thought to feed him on curry I had rejected as being a fortuitous assembly of outraged condiments. He is, indeed, a good deal more demonstrative toward the people who come and go, and to chance-met people in the street, than toward me. 'You and I,' he conveys to me, 'are beyond all that outward fuss.' He will embrace me vehemently after any considerable absence, and he will sit in my chair by the hour, his chin on the lower right edge of my manuscript, while I work; but his formal waggings he usually keeps for others. See him in the Tube. He is convinced that I own every railway carriage in which he and I travel. Each passenger is taken for a guest of mine, and, so far as the length of his lead will allow, he ushers each to a seat, with the canine equivalent of smiles and bows. And children especially. Once no less than twelve little girls, some school party, got into our carriage, and he snapped his lead, and was in the lap of each in succession. But he has regard for age. He will not lick the face of any child that is appreciably older than he is. On the other hand, in Kensington Gardens he will clamber up the side of any perambulator, after a diplomatic waggle at the nurse, to put his tongue across the face of the inmate. It is probably his worst disappointment that once, one Sunday morning, he encountered what was undoubtedly built as a perambulator but had been perverted into a local newsgirl's vehicle for the delivery of the Sunday papers.

A sentimental dog, you say. May I invite you to keep the ring when he next meets a bull terrier? 'Once bitten, twice shy,' is a proverb without meaning for him. He has fought a neighboring, unneighborly bull terrier three times, and so detests the whole tribe that he will fly at any member of it. Airedales he walks round stiffly, provoking no fight, but expecting one; with Alsatians, despite my own unreasonable mistrust, due to memories of wolves I knew in Northern India, he is very friendly; and he will run the whole breadth of Kensington Gardens to greet an old, bachelor Great Dane, whose austere objection to romping he broke down long ago. I may whistle till I am weary; if that Great Dane is in view, he is off to it.

You will have gathered that, with every other virtue, he lacks that of obedience. But who am I that he should obey me? Certainly not his superior; very probably, in most respects, his inferior. In the thing that matters most to us, we are on precisely the same level. For as we sit by this fire, he and I, and muse why it should be warming two of us instead of three, we are equally at a loss. He can but thrust a vainly consoling muzzle into my hand; I can but stroke his inconsolable face.

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THE CORRECT SOLUTION

BY E. BLUNDEN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE swallow flew like lightning over the green
And through the gate-bars — a hand's breadth between;
He hurled his blackness at that chink and won,
The problem scarcely rose and it was done.

The spider, chance-confronted with starvation,
Took up another airy situation;
His working legs, as it appeared to me,
Had mastered practical geometry.

The old dog dreaming in his frowzy cask
Enjoyed his rest and did not drop his task;
He knew the person 'of no fixed abode'
And challenged as he shuffled down the road.

Such creatures, which (Buffon and I agree)
Lack almost every human faculty,
Worked out the question set with satisfaction
And promptly took the necessary action.

At this successful sang-froid, I, employed
On 'Who Wrote Shakespeare?' rightly felt annoyed,
And seeing an evening primrose by the fence
Beheaded it for blooming insolence.

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JASCHA HEIFETZ[1]

A PORTRAIT

His gait is slow and measured as he walks upon the platform. Without haste, but without delay, he follows the traditional path. On all sides he is greeted by stormy applause. Arrived at his stand, he turns toward the audience and bows his head slightly in recognition, with a minimum of emphasis. The tense expectation that prevails in the concert hall seems to make no impression upon him. At least he gives no indication of being aware of it, and indeed, while he is on the platform, he reveals nothing of what he is feeling or thinking. As he steps on and as he stands there, with his supple and elegant figure, his calm severe countenance, he betrays none of the pleasant excitement that one notices so often in artists, particularly when they are young.

There is not the least trace in his manner of any love of the limelight; nothing but an iron self-possession, and a sense of the fact that now his work is to begin — important work that must be performed faultlessly. It is the manner of a young champion entering the ring or walking out on the mat, perfectly cool in the knowledge of his reserve power, and vividly aware of the job ahead of him.

Hardly more than a decade ago Jascha Heifetz was still a small boy whose talent had already attracted attention and whose astonishing skill in drawing rich tones from the violin seemed to promise great things. Since then he has outstripped all expectations, and to-day, at the age of twenty-six, he is far beyond all other virtuosos, a prodigy of perfected technique.

Only from certain slight and superficial indications could one detect that he takes any special pleasure in the fabulous wealth he has earned by his equally fabulous playing — from the sparkle of his brilliant cuff-links, from the watch-chain that dangles in a thin golden line across his waistcoat, from the carefully-cut dress-coat in the latest style, which he wears not without a touch of foppishness.

What one does n't detect at all is any special joy in his art. Such joy he must certainly experience — indeed he must be wholly possessed by it. Yet one would never guess it from his manner.

JASCHA HEIFETZ
[*Neues Wiener Tagblatt*]

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *February 2*

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There he stands, adjusts the violin to its position, and plays. In all this he is quite as simple and matter-of-fact — one might almost say as ordinary — as any mere orchestra violinist.

Kreisler, when he adjusts his instrument, tosses back the tails of his coat with an impatient gesture that betrays his excitement. Huberman bends toward the violin as he lifts it to his chin, and his countenance is on fire with a passionate devotion. Some sort of passion, some sort of 'frenzy,' or 'temperament,' shows itself in every violinist, every concert artist, according to his individuality. And they all let it be recognized that they have sensitive nerves. It is one of the greatest charms of an artistic personality — especially of a musician's — that one's own nerves respond so alertly to his. One of the greatest mysteries of art lies in this communication of nervous energy.

But Jascha Heifetz seems to have no nerves at all. The truth is, he has disciplined them so sternly that they never thrust themselves into notice. He simply stands there and fiddles. The bend of the left arm that holds the instrument, the movement of the left hand fingering the neck of the violin, are as simple and prosaic as if they were quite effortless, and in no sense the kind of thing that calls for 'nerves.' In the same severe way the right hand draws the bow. If anything in particular is to be observed, it is the obvious intention of the performer to make his gestures appear as graceful as possible. Even this intention is only very slightly perceptible *as* an intention, so swiftly is it transformed into a reality, and so swiftly is the reality raised to the point of perfection.

He stands there fiddling, as I say, and his countenance remains quite unmoved, preserving during the whole evening the same impassive earnestness, whether he plays the Kreutzer Sonata, the Chaconne of Bach, Schubert's 'Ave Maria,' or any little virtuoso piece. A handsome young face that strikes one as chiefly remarkable because it is never illumined by a smile throughout a whole concert. Neither before nor during the performance, — even in the uproar of applause, — nor afterward when his work is done and his triumph secure, does the shadow of a smile flit over that visage. Never is the iron imperturbability of those features softened or subdued into a friendly expression.

The work that Jascha Heifetz has hitherto accomplished, and is still accomplishing, is written with powerful strokes in his countenance. It is the hardest kind of work in the world, and it demands the most relentless willpower and the strongest character — the work on oneself. This accomplishment can be read in the fine lofty brow, somewhat wrinkled. A slight reddening is perceptible in its furrows, as if in response to the intense concentration within. Even his eyelids seem to be flushed as they hang somewhat heavily halfway over his great eyes. His thin cheeks, however, remain pale, and the noble oval of his visage remains apparently unmoved, in spite of the energetic forward thrust of his fine nose. Only his mouth, shut in a decisive line and yet suggestive of a sensuous temperament, is constantly alive with tiny and almost imperceptible twitchings. When difficult passages or showy movements are over, his full but by no means sensual lips come together tightly and are drawn in with a pronounced motion — as if something had to be swallowed — and then are again relaxed. The flush on his forehead and eyelids, the slight twitching of his mouth — that is all. The expression of his eyes has nothing visionary in it, and never dissolves in self-forgetfulness; they look straight ahead of him, fully

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awake and conscious and self-possessed. During the whole evening the young man's temples never become moist for a moment.

There he stands, holding his violin almost horizontally in front of him, never changing his posture or the position of his instrument by a hair-breadth — and plays.

You sit in the audience listening and are overwhelmed with his bravura, his genius in handling the bow, his masterly work with the left hand, his command over beauty and nobility of tone. Yet in the midst of all this richness you yearn for a note of deep feeling, and hunger for a little soulfulness. It is true that this incredible skill itself has something splendid in it, and that this sovereign art in mastering the most humanly worthy of all instruments has its own power of enchantment. Certainly one is frequently enough carried off one's feet by Jascha Heifetz — dazzled by the brilliance of his virtuosity and excited to the point of exultation by the magnificence of his execution. But the brilliance has no warmth in it, the exultation is without the intensity that comes when one's heart has been touched. One is amazed, of course, as by some rare phenomenon. Yet one's emotions are not engaged, not quite stirred to the depths as one expects them to be — nay, demands that they be — when a man can play the violin, the instrument that has the greatest spirituality of all, as Jascha Heifetz can.

How masterfully he played Bach's Chaconne! How nobly under his hands sounded the 'Ave Maria' of Schubert! It was a burst of pure melody that would have to be called holy if a spark of strong feeling had glimmered in it. No one else knows how to make the bow hover over the strings so immaterially, with such entrancing lightness, as Jascha Heifetz. No one adjusts it as naturally as he does, or releases it as simply. No one else has this marvelous sonority, this command over an almost unearthly technique. But all other players have more soul than he has, and they all arouse more feeling. Not to speak of Fritz Kreisler and his fine expansiveness, or of Huberman and his heart-rending demoniac power, even Vasa Prihoda, bizarre as his execution is, has more soul.

As one sits and listens, one cannot help reflecting that the most wonderful thing about a child prodigy is that he sometimes develops into a great and mature artist. In Jascha Heifetz this much has been accomplished — he has become a great artist. To-day, in spite of his extreme youth, he is the greatest technician among the violinists of the world. It is hoped that he will become a mature artist, that his inner being will sometime reach the heights that his external skill has already reached. When this happens, he will be able to play the Kreutzer Sonata so that the very spirit of Beethoven will seem to be present to him and to his listeners, instead of playing it as he does now, for the sake of technical bravura.

One remembers that Jascha Heifetz was once a poor little Jewish boy in Wilna, or somewhere or other in that vicinity. What a good thing that there has been no pogrom there for the last twenty years or so! If there had been, young Jascha might have been flung against a wall and murdered by some hooligan.

Now he stands there on the platform, young, slender, and a little, a very little, too elegant. He plays the Tarantella of Sarasate and makes that terribly difficult piece seem like the simplest selection for beginners. This apparent effortlessness is based on the expenditure of infinite effort — and of a whole childhood. Such stupendous perfection could be attained only by

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stupendous labor. Talent of course counts for much, but it comes to practically nothing unless it is accompanied by the talent for hard work, by a capacity for persistence, by the lash of a strong will that forces the tiring feet ahead, by the steel energy that enables one to make light of fatigue. All this can be read in the countenance of the performer up there — in his high-vaulted forehead, which flushes under the dark-brown, curly, carefully brushed-back hair; in the mouth, which shuts tight with an indrawing movement of the lips; in the taut seriousness of his expression; all can be read — the overcoming of the hardest obstacles, the triumph over every seduction of indolence, the mastery of his own destiny.

While still a child, he left his Polish ghetto home to emigrate to America. It is said that he is now the only violinist who satisfies the demands of the American audience for technical virtuosity. It may be so. As he stands there breaking records, so to speak, in violin-playing, as he finishes his magic labors with perfect composure and acknowledges the applause with dry courtesy, — as if to say, 'I have done my work; you are only paying your debt,' — he seems to incorporate in his person the whole spirit of modern youth. His contemporaries know that in any calling it is only technical expertness that gets anywhere, and they strive with all their might to break records: if they have no illusions, if they betray no deep feeling, it is because they are trying to realize difficult aims. There is much that is enigmatic in this generation, and much that seems lacking in warmth and tenderness; but one comprehends it when one has heard and seen Jascha Heifetz. It is a generation that deserves admiration, a generation whose spirit is hard at work behind its calm exterior, — at work like a motor, — and it is everywhere building a new world about us.

THORNS ON THE HIBISCUS[1]

BY ELIZABETH BAKER

It was a damp, sunless autumn in England that year. The mornings were drowned in mist that rose reluctantly for a few hours at midday, to disclose a dun-colored earth and sky, and then closed in again for the night. London was soaked in rain and mud. The wind sighed in perpetual dreariness as if a million Mrs. Gummidges were for ever groaning for 'the old 'un.'

Inside the book was perpetual summer. The skies were always blue; the trees never lost their leaves and stood shivering in icy blasts, but remained thick and green the year round. There were golden sands on which one could lie in the shade of palms and gaze on a sapphire sea. There was an opalescent lagoon in which you bathed. The wind never sighed, but sang dulcet airs. There was rain certainly, — or else how account for the evergreen vegeta-

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *February* 6 and 13

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tion? — but it fell in an orderly manner, according to the calendar, and not just when it chose, as in England. Luscious fruits dropped into your lap, and everything planted in that rich soil yielded a hundredfold, and that within a few weeks.

Other countries, of course, might offer similar delights, but elsewhere the delights were so apt to be counteracted by serious drawbacks such as lions and tigers and other wild beasts, prodigious serpents, cannibal spiders, voracious insects, and intimidating diseases. But on this South Sea island, shaded by coco palms, decked with hibiscus, there were none of these drawbacks. There were mosquitoes, it is true, but they were not malarial, and the reader was assured they need not be considered. The native residents added to the general picturesqueness by going about in colored beads and wreaths of hibiscus, and not, as in England, perpetually in mackintoshes. Instead of hanging on to straps in trains, they sat about in groups beneath mangoes and frangipanni, playing the tom-tom and making night melodious with sweet choruses. There was no fear of being run down by motor-cars, or of being told there was only room outside the bus on a wet night and only room inside it on a fine one.

We looked up from the book out into the mud-colored landscape, and then back into the book.

'Let us go there,' we said.

So we went.

We had a few surprises on the journey. It was not quite the sailing of a 'painted ship upon a painted ocean' that we had imagined. Either the writers about the Southern Seas go by some other route not known to steamship offices, or they have always been more fortunate in their weather. Within a day's run of the equator on either side we found it could be surprisingly chilly. There was much more of emerald than of sapphire about the ocean, and, though it was a beautiful emerald, we can give quite a good show of that round Old England, and we had expected sapphires. It appeared to be the wrong season for phosphorescent fish, and, though it was thrilling to see sharks stealthily slipping here and there in the clear water, they are not peculiar to the Pacific and were a disappointing substitute for sunfish.

But within twelve hours of our island the prospect became more in accord with the book. It was warm enough even for us. The women changed hurriedly into the thinnest raiment they could wear with decorum, — and happily the latitude allowed by modern fashion is wide, — and all the males appeared in dazzling white duck. Unfortunately the time of our arrival was not of the best, for the rainy season was still on and fulfilling its place in the calendar very thoroughly. We approached close to the shores without seeing them, for land was hidden in as thick a mist of rain as ever hangs over the West Coast of Britain or the Thames Valley. However, it rose more rapidly and at more frequent intervals than it does in those localities, and in the intervals we stood with other admiring passengers along the ship's rail gazing upon a wondrously green isle, banded by opalescent lagoon and gleaming sands, shaded by palms, basking in golden sunlight beneath a sky the color of harebells. There was no hibiscus in sight, but no doubt beyond that belt of bush it was a riot of vivid color. The air was as soft as any book could invent. The surf boomed drowsily. It was impossible to believe that the same world could hold this fairy isle and the mud-soaked isles of Britain. When we drew near to the landing-stage the laughing brown natives came out of the book and greeted us in the friend-

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liest fashion. It is true they wore dungaree or khaki instead of beads, but quite a number sported the famed hibiscus in their hair or wreathed round their old felt or straw hats.

'Are you really going to live there?' asked fellow passengers, half in wonderment, half in envy.

We said we were.

'What shall you do with yourselves?'

We did not know, except that we meant to lounge beneath coco palms, eat fruit, and perhaps crown ourselves also with hibiscus.

We hired a native hut down by the seashore. According to the book this was the most sensible as well as the most attractive form of residence on South Sea islands. Being made of coconut thatch for roof and walls of native bark in narrow slats placed perpendicularly, it was said to be cooler than the European type of bungalow built of concrete. Our hut was as native as it could be, with the floor and verandahs made of shingle brought from the beach. The hut was new, and it was a shock to hear that it had been built as a week-end cottage, being some three miles from the main village. Who could have anticipated meeting anything so sophisticated as a week-end cottage on that remote island? Such things we had regarded as peculiar to the Home Counties.

Our hut was most picturesque. It was also disconcerting. Rats swarmed in the thatch and bred huge families there. We adopted a cat to cope with them, which he did by rushing up and down the thatch, night and day, chasing them, and incidentally churning up the thatch more disastrously than did the rats themselves. All kinds of creatures besides the rats and ourselves chose the hut as a residence. Lizards, the little shining green ones, and the spawling ungainly 'croaker' variety, ran in and out of the slats and flattened themselves over the beams of the roof. Centipedes and mantes, spiders and cockroaches, ants and hornets, frolicked in their different ways and made themselves as much at home as we did ourselves, or even more so. At first I was much intrigued at meeting so many strange creatures and had little aversion to them, and I never much objected when lizards fell down my neck, big handsome gold-and-black cockroaches banged into my face, huge spiders had to be chased out of my clothes before I could dress, and great dragon-flies, buzzing threateningly, blocked up the doorways; but when long sinuous mantes crawled up my arms, hornets entangled themselves in my hair, spiteful centipedes might at any moment be discovered in beds or boots, and ants of all sizes and colors spoiled the food, life became a little difficult. The book had said nothing about these things.

Indeed, housekeeping in a native hut was a difficult business altogether. The shingle, which looked so picturesquely primitive when we first saw it, was disconcerting as a floor. It secreted vast quantities of débris and refused to be swept. How can one sweep shingle? The slatted walls certainly let in the air, — when any, — but they also let in a lot of other things. Whirling leaves and drifting sand came in with wind and rain and mingled themselves on our floor with the falling thatch, which the harried rats and Snowdrop, our cat, perpetually scattered. We put down large mats of native grass, but it was impossible to forget the débris that constantly drifted beneath them, and they themselves were never free from a top dressing of sand. Our shingle floor was also the happy hunting-ground for insects innumerable, and in addition was discovered to be actually alive in itself; we found it was formed largely of tiny crabs who, in the dead of night,

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when humans were supposed to be asleep, came to life and made tracks, with mysterious tap-tappings, plink-plinklings and plop-ploppings, for their homeland on the beach. Charming little creatures they were, all delicate carving and dainty colorings, but as a floor not to be recommended, for table or chair would suddenly describe an awkward angle because a portion of the floor had deserted in the night and left a hole. Finally we had to chain the floor down with a top layer of concrete.

The view from either side of the hut was exquisite. Inland there were acres of coco palms and orange groves stretching to the foot of peaked hills whose tops, clothed in vivid green, towered into an azure sky. Seaward through a frame of coco palms one gazed across coral beaches to a blue lagoon, a belt of tossing white surf, and the vast Pacific shimmering blue and gold to a misty horizon.

I suppose there are people, philosophers and poets and such, who can sit for days looking out over coco palms without being bored. Why merely sit? asks someone. It was too hot to do anything else. It is amazing to one going to the tropics for the first time to discover how hot they can be. Possibly the native hut was cool, as coolness goes in that latitude, but if it was cool, I often thought to myself during those first weeks, what in the name of the equator was hot! I stuck my lounge chair in the doorway, in a draught, — if any, — and stared inland, and, when bored by the coco palms there, took my chair and stared at those at the back. To sit on the shingle verandahs was not very successful, because they were constructed to accommodate natives who squat. Rain, instead of running off our thatch, came through, and the verandah became untenable.

If only one could have climbed those peaked hills and had a change of view! But there was no path, no track. Rarely did even a native penetrate the forest of fern, banyan, liana, and innumerable twisted, sinuous forbidding growths which clothed those soaring heights. Report had it that once now and again, at Christmas time, some white man would clamber up, hand over hand, like his hairy forefathers — which was the only way of getting up. Why he chose Christmas, by the way, when the sun is at its hottest, is one of those mysteries that make life so fascinating. Perhaps, being of British blood, it annoyed him to sit and look at a hill that people said he could n't climb; or perhaps it was merely a reaction to home habits when on Christmas morning so many males go for a walk or do something strenuous to get up an appetite for the Christmas dinner. In the comparatively cool period of the island year when the south wind blows we ourselves essayed an ascent of that formidable and challenging mountain, only to sink beaten on one of the lowest slopes and drink innumerable cocoanuts.

Wondrous white nights when the moon rose over the peaked hills and sailed high in a purple sky out over a purple sea! How much more to be enjoyed if they had brought a little coolness. The book had said nothing about hot nights. As it was, I don't think I was ever really cool save when in the lagoon. Oh, those languorous noons — in the book — lying on golden sands beside an opalescent lagoon! But the sands are not golden. They are glitteringly, blindingly white at noon with the rays of a sun that would scorch up any romantic lounger who tried to bask in them. Not even a native lies out in the sun during an island noon. Oh, those wonderful hours — in the book — of idly floating on the translucent waters of the aforesaid opalescent lagoon, with the sun high

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above you! I never saw anybody doing it — with the sun high above him.

Lagoon-bathing is a delight, provided you go out before the sun has risen high above you or has passed well over you and is down in the west. And provided also there are no sharks. We were lucky in our lagoon; it was too shallow for them. It was also too shallow for canoeing, and we longed to canoe. But one cannot have everything. To have had sharks would certainly have spoiled bathing, and might also have interfered with the canoeing. Our lagoon was a beautiful thing; but there are a lot of curious things in lagoons never mentioned by hibiscus romanticists — such as poison-fish and devil-fish, sulphurous rocks, fearsome eels of inordinate length and startling stripes who too closely resemble snakes, and yards of unpleasant sea-slug. But you get used to these as the small boy paddling on the South Coast gets used to crabs; and, for myself, I felt I would risk a lot to be cool.

That view over the lagoon and the Pacific is a thing of loveliness never to be forgotten, but, alas, how disappointing to find one cannot live on a view, however magnificent! The sunsets were as wonderful as the most fulsome pen of hibiscus romanticists ever described, but I should have enjoyed the ocean more if it had not been quite so empty. Save for the monthly steamer, or now and again when a native boat went fishing close to the reef at night, the vast ocean lay glittering and empty to the far horizon.

The book was true enough about the shade of the coco palms, but what it forgot to add — or was the writer merely there in June when the south wind blows? — was that in a tropic shade the mosquitoes are there to enjoy it also — and you. I could write a book about mosquitoes. I know that their fame, or their infamy, is world-wide. I know they exist from Essex to Mexico, from California to Patagonia. Probably the only place where they were never known was the Garden of Eden, or, if they did exist there and did not come into being with the curse, they were merely playful and sang happily as they sat on Eve's neck. But an evil is no less an evil for being general, and it may easily be worse in one place than another. I've met mosquitoes in many places, but never as I met them in those lovely, scented, picturesque isles of the South Seas. Elsewhere they are merely *in* the air; in the tropics they *are* the air. For myself, I would rather have had lions on the island than mosquitoes. Lions, I believe, do not come into the house after you; you have to go out and look for them. A lion has its own orbit in which it revolves, and if you are wise you do not enter it unless there are ten of you to its one. Further, a lion is reported never to attack unless hungry. Therefore, if you meet one unexpectedly, and he has just had a meal, you have quite a good chance of your life. But a mosquito's orbit is the empyrean. Also he is always hungry. He never takes time off for digestion, sleep, or recreation. He never requires the first two, and you provide the third. In fact, you are his whole existence. When on a tropic island your chief desire is to sit in the shade and read or sleep. You can't do it. You must go to bed under a mosquito net. Now to be constantly going to bed is dull.

I never realized till I lived on our island how monotonous evergreen vegetation could be. I had always disliked evergreens in England and been temperamentally unable to understand the people who grew aspidistras in pots. But though the book said the islands were always green, I had never associated them with evergreens. Unfortunately they are full of aspidistras or

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things like them. I felt I infinitely preferred trees that had a change of aspect — that went bare in winter, even if they did shiver a bit, and then came out fresh and green in the spring. Of course, evergreens do have new leaves sometime, but their process of getting them seems to me muddled and stuffy and none too clean — like a person who never strips for a bath but washes a bit of himself at a time. It might have been better if the evergreens had been interspersed more with color. Hibiscus writers had prepared us for acres of scarlet and purple blooms, bougainvillea and crotons, hibiscus and oleander, begonias and jasmine, rioting everywhere, putting to shame the pale display of English hedgerows in summer. Just imagine, I had said to myself, vast areas of orange groves in flower! Why, an apple orchard in Kent during May will be nothing to it. There was blossom on the island, plenty of it, but everywhere it was swamped by the triumphant foliage. The book was true enough when it said that everything planted in that hot damp soil produced a hundredfold. Unfortunately the hundredfold was mainly leaf. We never saw the advertised acres of hibiscus. Even those large flaunting blooms of pink and crimson were overshadowed by the prevailing evergreen. They are to be seen to far better perfection in a garden in Southern California, say, than on a South Sea island; and the oranges there are apparently a freak variety, for they rush into fruit — two crops a year — without any blossom to speak of.

There is a brief glowing period of the island year, at the height of summer, when the flamboyants and the frangipanni are out. An avenue of flamboyant trees with their delicate leaves and brilliant scarlet blossoms against the burning blue of the tropical sky is a thing of beauty never to be surpassed anywhere. An island garden, tended with care and imagination, can, of course, be a delight, as lovely gardens are anywhere, but the general landscape is green — in varying shades, if you will, from the black of the giant *utu* to the gray-green of palms, but always green, and easily to be eclipsed for variety and color any day by the mountain slopes of Switzerland when the gentians are out, Californian hillsides in the time of the golden poppies, or English buttercup-fields in June.

To anyone who raves about the charm of tropical fruit as a diet I would recommend living on bananas for a week. It is significant that the natives of our island would pay fancy prices for apples imported from the Dominions. Bananas and oranges were the main crops, the former being in season all the year round. There was always a row of bunches slung up round any house in varying stages of ripeness. After we left I did n't look at a banana for a year. One has to live on a place to know its limitation. This sounds blasphemous applied to a South Sea isle. But think of an English village living on apples for months — and then think of an island whose main crop is bananas. True, we also had our melons and pineapples, our oranges and mangoes, but we had to await their seasons as in England we wait for our strawberries and plums; they don't grow all together and perpetually, as the hibiscus writers would have one believe. And, while you are waiting, the banana can be as monotonous as the apple. If you really wish to feast on the loveliest and rarest fruits of the earth, you do not want to live where they are grown; you must, of course, live in a city and let the freight ships and the goods trains prosaically bring you your passion fruit and grapes, your peaches and pomegranates, your jack fruit and your guavas.

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Our island natives were a charming people, even as Stevenson found their kin in Samoa. Not quite so romantic as the book said, perhaps. Instead of quaffing kava out of gourds, they drank tea made in a billy can. They rarely played the tom-tom, and never the ukulele. Instead they turned the handle of the gramophone or swung the accordion. They certainly sat in picturesque groups beneath the coco palms according to the prospectus, but they did not sing dulcet harmonies — for the reason that they cannot sing dulcetly. Their speaking voices are low and pleasing. What happens to them when they attempt to sing is a mystery. They are a laughing, handsome people. When discovered in the bush, wearing the *pariu*, or kilt of scarlet cloth, their dark hair crowned by a flower wreath or an ivory frangipanni blossom or camellia stuck behind the ear, they were quite according to the book. Even clad in the white man's duck and the white woman's frocks, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes complete, they contrived to be good to look at. It was a pity their conversation consisted so largely of the prices of oranges and bananas. They rode bicycles and drove Ford trucks. Though the danger of being run down by a motor-car was not so great as it is at Hyde Park Corner, we were not altogether free from it. There was always the risk of dashing young N'ariki Mata rushing down with a load of fruit at the last moment to catch the monthly steamer, or of that reckless tippler, Pukavaevae, after a billy can of bush beer, breaking the speed limit with a Ford truck and dashing you into the bush and himself into jail. They no longer spear their foes. This does not mean they forgive them, but merely that they take them to court like civilized men and Christians.

We remained on our island some eighteen months. We endured the heat of two summers. We fed innumerable mosquitoes. We bathed perpetually in the lagoon. We gazed on endless rows of coco palms. We wore wreaths of hibiscus.

We left it — why? Many have gone to the South Seas and left them again more rapidly than did we. Of these the hibiscus writers give no record. Even Stevenson, one recollects, was always going away from his island in steam yachts. And does not one gather from the poignant pages of his diary and letters that, if his health had allowed, he, poor man, would quickly have left the hibiscus groves and hot noons of Samoa for the heather and mists of Scotland?

We left our island because we had proved that one can be too hot; because I grew weary of coco palms; because I tired of a sea which, though sapphire, was always empty; because I was nauseated by a diet of bananas; because man cannot live on a view alone; because — because, in short, there are thorns on the hibiscus.

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THE JAPANESE DRAMA [1]

BY DR. A. MIYAMORI

In Japan, no less than in Greece and many other European countries, religion is the mother of the drama. There can be no doubt that *Kagura*, or the sacred dance, still performed during festivals in Shinto temples, is the progenitor of all forms of Japanese drama.

Mythology has it that the Sun Goddess, disgusted at the conduct of her brother, the god Susano-ono-Mikoto, hid herself in a cave. There followed darkness throughout the universe — to the great perplexity of the myriad gods, who were at a loss to know what to do. At this critical moment, the jovial goddess Uzume performed a comic dance at the mouth of the cave and succeeded in enticing the Sun Goddess from her hiding-place. Thus, to the immense joy of the gods, light was restored to the universe. Such is the traditional origin of the sacred dance. Whatever the significance of the legend may be, certain it is that the sacred dance has existed from time immemorial. It is a pantomime in which the actors imitate the deeds of the different deities whom they impersonate. They wear grotesque masks and dance to the accompaniment of singing and of flutes and drums. The sacred dance is so simple and so primitive in plot that it possesses no literary value, but it is interesting none the less as being the parent of all forms of Japanese literary drama.

The literary dramas of old Japan are divisible into four classes: the *Yokyoku*, or *No* play; the *Kyogen*, or comic interlude; the *Kabuki* play or drama for the regular theatre; and the *Joruri*, or puppet play.

The Yokyoku, or texts of musical dramas known as No, are short, serious plays, generally in two scenes. Their plots are derived chiefly from Japanese history, myth, and folklore, and from certain Japanese stories such as the Story of Genji and the Story of the Taira Family. In addition to dialogue and monologue, they contain descriptive passages. The loveliest inspirations are often found in the monologue of the protagonist and in the so-called *Michiyuki*, or 'songs of travel,' which indeed form the most important part of the descriptive passages and narrate in a few exquisite lines the journey, sometimes covering hundreds of miles, made by some person in the drama.

Most dramas of this type are written in the colloquial language of the Kamakura Period (1186–1332), and the greater portion of the descriptions and occasionally some of the dialogue are of a piece with the lyric and epic poetry of the latter half of the Heian Period (794–1186), with the lyric element predominating. The verse is largely composed of a succession of seven- and five-syllable lines, the standard metre of Japanese poetry. Profusely adorned with classical Japanese and Chinese poems, this order of drama also abounds in historical references and in quotations from Buddhist scriptures. For this reason the No plays prove too difficult for

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *February 5*

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ordinary comprehension without special study.

These dramas disclose another pronounced characteristic in the frequent use of ingenious plays upon words, a device which is a distinguishing feature of Japanese classics and one that adds considerably to the beauty and melody of such compositions. It detracts from the originality, but not from the merit, of the No plays, that the most beautiful passages in them are upon examination only too often found to be undigested borrowings from the Story of Genji, the Story of the Taira Family, the Rise and Fall of Minamoto and Taira Families, the Record of Great Peace, the Collection of Odes Ancient and Modern, and so on, so that the No plays are often with justice likened to a patchwork of brocade.

The plan of these plays is generally the same simple framework — being often but a narration of the ups and downs of fortune of some historical or fictitious character and a sermon on the uncertainty of human life. First, for instance, appears a Buddhist priest making a pilgrimage through several provinces; next appears a ghost in human shape, who relates to the priest his experiences and adventures as a mortal and confesses that he is a ghost; finally the priest prays for the peace of the departed, and upon this the ghost vanishes. Such is the most typical plan. Buddhist doctrines, in particular the doctrine of karma, pervade these plays, and in some of them, called 'god-plays,' the history of certain Shinto shrines is related, or the spirits of Shinto deities appear and perform miracles.

The actors performing the principal rôles wear masks of wood, and dance to the accompaniment of a flute, two hand-drums, and, in some cases, of a drum struck with a stick. The manner of the dancing is usually extremely slow, solemn, and full of dignity. The play, from start to finish, is chanted, somewhat like an oratorio; and the chanting of the protagonist's part while he dances falls almost entirely to the chorus. This chorus consists of ten or twelve men, seated motionless at the side of the stage. These also sing the narrative portions.

The technical principles governing the No plays are symbolism, conventionalism, mysticism, and unrealism, if I may be permitted to use such a term; for these plays seem to aim at carrying the imagination of the audience away from real life. Let me cite one or two instances of this conventionalism. Upon the No stage a palace, a house, a cottage, a hovel, are all represented by four posts covered with a roof; the fan which the actor usually carries does duty often enough as a lute, a shield, a wine-holder, wine cup, or some such object; the walking of a few steps on the stage often signifies the traveling by the character of hundreds of miles and the attainment of a far-off destination.

The No plays are somewhat deficient in lucidity and coherence, but exceedingly beautiful both in style and content, so that a mere reading of them tends to elevate one's feelings and thoughts. Brevity and quietness characterize these dramas and their performance; their plots and sentences are simple but charged with significance; chanting is done in 'cloudy' and subdued voices, and the difference between the voices of male and female characters is hardly noticeable save to a specialist; the music is calm and grave; mystic, lustreless masks are used.

The word No signifies 'performance' or 'accomplishment.' Etymologically the word is an abbreviation of *sarugaku-no-no*, *sarugaku* being a corruption of *sangaku*, or 'scattered music,' that is, 'popular music.' Tateki Owada

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asserts as a fact beyond all possible doubt that Sangaku, which flourished in the fourteenth century, was a development from a somewhat comic song-dance performed in Shinto shrines. Perhaps it is well here to mention that in the Muromachi Period the religion of the nation at large was a mixed system of Buddhism and Shintoism, and that the service in most of the Shinto temples was performed by Buddhist priests.

The majority of the No plays were written in the Muromachi Period (1338–1565), the Dark Age of Japan. Their performance was encouraged by the Shogun, at that time the actual ruler of the Empire, and other noblemen. From the Muromachi Period downward to the fall of the Tokugawa Shogunate (1868) the No was a ceremonial function of the military classes. In the early days of the No dance when the No was still called Sarugaku-no-no its performers were known as Sarugaku-no-hoshi, or 'priests of Sarugaku,' and ranked lowest in the priesthood; but later their status gradually rose till, during the Yedo Period (1603–1868), they came to be regarded with high respect and ranked socially on a level with the samurai. Furthermore, the art of performing the No was eventually classed as a knightly accomplishment. There is in existence an authentic document which states that on a certain occasion the leading parts in a No play were acted by Hideyoshi and Ieyasu, the two greatest warriors and statesmen Japan has ever possessed.

About one thousand No plays are said to have been composed, of which some eight hundred survive, and of these two hundred and ninety-two are now actually performed. It would appear that, in the lifetime of the authors, No plays were sometimes performed in public, but since then they have never or very seldom been performed in public, and at present the mere singing of them at home without action is much in fashion among the upper and middle classes throughout Japan.

Of the four types of Japanese drama the No plays were the first to attract foreign notice, and to-day they are highly appreciated by cultured Europeans, presumably because they appeal to a taste that recognizes in them certain curious resemblances to Greek tragedy — the fact that the plays are entirely chanted, that they are pervaded by religious ideas, that the principal characters wear masks, that the chorus sings certain metrical portions, and that the manner of the acting is dignified and reserved. None the less it is the truth, and it cannot be disregarded, that the puppet plays and the dramas of the regular stage, both of which reflect in a decidedly greater degree actual Japanese character, beliefs, and moral ideas, are considerably more enjoyed by our countrymen at large, and that from a literary point of view the puppet plays are more highly esteemed by Japanese scholars than the No plays.

The Kyogen are one-act comic interludes of slight construction, generally performed on the same stage as the No plays and in the intervals between the more serious pieces. Their purpose is to relax that strain on the nerves of the audience which is produced by the lyric dramas. The Kyogen are the only plays of old Japan that have no musical accompaniment, and in form they resemble European dramas exactly. Not a few of these comic interludes are witty satires on human failings and social evils, but the majority are such primitive and naïve farces as tickle the fancy of the audience with amusing portrayals of innocent follies. As for the material which goes to make up the Kyogen, no contemporary

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events concerning any class of society were neglected that could entertain the sense of humor. Their authors also make use of not a few fairy tales concerning deities, the King of Hell, and the *tengu*, or long-nosed goblins.

It is a singular fact that among the Kyogen, these sister plays of the No dramas which flourished under the patronage of the Shogun and Daimio, there are some pieces which dare to hint at the ignorance, stupidity, and cowardice of daimio, such as *Hagi Daimio*, *The Inky Woman*, and *The Nightingale*. It is also noteworthy that in the Muromachi Period, when Buddhist priests had great influence and no actors were chosen exclusively from the class, some comic interludes were written and played that treat of dishonorable priests who neglect their preaching and are anxious only for the offertory, such as *Fish Preaching* and *Honaori and Daihannya*. The plots of two or three native and simple Kyogen may be here related.

There is, for instance, the absurd story of the Shogun Yoritomo's favorite steed, Ikezuki, which, having fallen into a fit of violent frenzy, is brought under control by the application of a sort of ointment. In *The God of Thunder*, an horrific deity, missing his footing, falls headlong into a cornfield, is petrified with terror, and mocked at by a peasant who certainly appears anything but heroic. In *Aunty's Wine* the young nephew of a miserly old woman, a wine-seller, disguises himself as a demon, scares the old party, and proceeds to drink like a lord, but, growing top-heavy, presently forgets himself and endeavors to compose himself for slumber with his head on her lap. This leads to the discovery of the fraud, and the interlude closes with the rogue's being compelled to take to his heels. In *The Woman* we see a cunning creature who feigns tears to deceive a daimio into sympathy for her and who for this purpose sprinkles her cheeks with the contents of a water bottle. The nobleman's servant secretly substitutes black ink for the water. The unsuspecting woman smears her face pitch-black, and thus loses the game.

In contrast to the No plays, composed of a patchwork of classic quotations and of dialogue in the colloquial language of the Kamakura Period, the Kyogen consist entirely of dialogue and monologue in the colloquial speech of the Muromachi Period, and are devoid of narrative elements and lyric and epic poetry. Although the language used is the colloquial speech of that far-off era, these farces are quite intelligible even to uneducated people of the present day. Far less incisive than modern satires, their naïvety and absurdity prove all the more amusing to the modern Japanese. They are assuredly excellent dramas, suitable for all classes, and yet they are generally performed in connection with the No plays. It is a matter for regret that they have been used as 'side dishes' to these plays, and that opportunities to see and hear them have been limited in this way to the upper classes.

The Sarugaku, the progenitor of the No, as is clearly stated in *The Record of New Sarugaku*, originally consisted of comic performances, but during the Kamakura (1186–1132) and Muromachi Periods (1338–1565) a gradual transformation came over them, until they lost their original characteristic incomplete farces, which were introduced into the serious dramas as episodical scenes, not to become until later distinct pieces complete in themselves. Such is the origin of the Kyogen as they are known to-day.

Kabuki plays — that is, plays of the popular theatre — are in form distinctly similar to European drama. Their dialogue and monologue are

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sometimes in part metrical. Such portions are spoken to the accompaniment of the samisen, a three-stringed guitar, the finest of all Japanese instruments.

Kabuki plays are divisible into three varieties: in *Sewamono*, that is, domestic plays, human nature is the central theme, and the playwright selects for his materials 'some natural sorrow, loss, or pain' of the people around him; in *Jidai-mono*, that is, historical plays, although the heroes and heroines are drawn from the pages of history, the plots are nevertheless far removed from the actual events of history and the realities of life. Even more distant from life is a special variety of historical play, *Aragoto*, that is, drama of robust acting, which treats of Herculean warriors, terrible deities, or weird spectres. In these pieces fantastic action, heightened dialogue, and grotesque painting of the face provide highly legendary scenes appealing to the imagination.

Shosagoto, known also as *Furigoto*, posture-dramas with music, are the most characteristic form of Kabuki plays. Largely influenced by No plays and to a considerable degree by the airy dances of the marionettes, Shosagoto possess but a slight plot, simple dialogue, descriptive dances, and symbolic movement, the whole welded together by the rhythms of drum, flute, samisen, and the voices of the chorus of *Nagauta*, *Tokiwazu*, and *Kiyomoto*, the three styles of stage music. The best Shosagoto are adaptations of No plays, and of these *The Kanjincho*, or *The Subscription Book*, is without doubt the most perfect. Many adaptations of the comic interludes referred to above are to be found among Shosagoto.

All varieties of these performances are accompanied to some extent by song and music. The same applies to domestic plays, the most realistic pieces of all; for songs in low voices and to the accompaniment of the samisen, off-stage, are heard throughout half the performance. In all these different performances dialogue is spoken, or rather chanted, in highly artificial voices; the miming is much exaggerated, often approaching the character of dancing; and the make-up is strongly accentuated. These productions are therefore generally known as *Kabuki-shibai*, or 'song-dance theatrical.' According to Mr. Toshito Ihara, *kabuki* was originally a slang expression signifying 'humorous' or 'amorous,' but Chinese scholars later came to represent the word by three Chinese characters signifying 'song-dance performance.' Be that as it may, the fact remains that this appellation exactly characterizes what is typical of this form of drama.

Just as brevity and quietness are the characteristics of the No production, so exaggeration and expressiveness are the distinguishing features of the Kabuki, as exemplified in the painting of the actor's face and in the costumes.

The Joruri, or puppet play, differs in form from European drama in that it contains poetic portions, largely written in a series of seven- and five-syllable lines, which describe the scenery, the expressions, action, and moods of the characters, and also voice the author's judgment upon their deeds. The beautiful epic and lyric verse is written in such simple, easy, and often colloquial language that it is quite intelligible even to the uneducated. The Joruri is emphatically a literature for all classes.

The poetic narrative passages, and often portions of the dialogue, are sung or chanted to the agreeable music of the samisen by a chorus seated on the platform on the spectator's right and overlooking the stage. The chorus also declaims the speeches of the puppets. In the regular theatre, where puppet plays are often acted, the

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actors sustain the greater part of the dialogue and act and dance to the choric recitation of the poetic parts in a manner similar to that employed in the puppet theatre.

Exaggeration and expressiveness are distinctive characteristics of the puppet plays as of Kabuki, and to an even greater degree, since to give life and animation to the puppets demands extravagance in action and bombast in language. The exaggeration of the Kabuki plays, indeed, was adopted largely from the puppet performance.

Puppet plays comprise two classes, historical and domestic, called Sewamono. The former generally run to five long acts, while the latter are usually completed in three. Most of the historical plays afford excellent illustrations of patriotism, loyalty, justice, benevolence, honor, self-control, and the other virtues of Bushido, the moral code of Japanese knighthood, so that these histories are often called 'textbooks of Bushido.' The plots, like those of the Kabuki histories, are far removed from the true course of historical events and from the actualities of life. The domestic plays, on the other hand, are studies of real life and are distinguished by their direct portrayal of human nature.

It is indicative of popular approval that the puppet play enjoys an extensive popularity when merely chanted or sung. In *yose*, or variety halls, of which Tokyo boasts at least a hundred and fifty, among the nightly performers one or two Joruri singers are always a feature, and there are in addition about ten halls where girl singers perform. A Joruri singer combines the functions of an opera singer and an elocutionist, so that it may with justice be claimed that two centuries ago a unique form of elocution was originated in Japan. Besides these professional singers of drama, successful amateur singers abound throughout the Empire, for the singing of puppet plays is traditionally popular among all classes; nor would it be serious exaggeration to maintain that certain passages of the more famous puppet dramas are as familiar to our countrymen as is the national anthem.

In the Yedo Period there were probably over ten prosperous puppet theatres in Osaka, Kyoto, and Yedo, but at present there are only two, one in Kyoto and the other in Osaka. The Osaka theatre called Bunraku-za, established about a hundred years ago, in which skillful chanters and puppeteers give performances almost all the year round, is reckoned among the especial attractions of the city.

The most important of all plays performed in the regular theatre of to-day are the puppet plays created by living actors. As the accompaniment of rhythmical chanting and of samisen music exactly suits the Japanese taste, and the sentiments to be found in these dramas appeal to the psychology of the masses, and above all since these plays possess a remarkable literary value, the puppet play continues to be highly appreciated and is frequently played all over the country.

Next in general favor are the classical Kabuki plays, and of these the public accords the heartiest welcome to historical and domestic plays written in the last years of the eighteenth century, the best of which are *The Temple Gate* and *Paulownia Flowers*, *Yosaburo* and *O-Tomi*, *Suzugamori Forest* and *Benten Kozo*. The other variety of Kabuki drama, or *Buyogeki* dance-plays, as they are more generally known to-day, has recently grown remarkably in esteem, the most typical being *The Maiden at the Dojoji Temple*, *Shakkyo Bridge*, *The Barrier Gate*, *Hokaaibo*, and *The Kanjincho*.

Toward the close of the nineteenth

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century a group of amateurs began to stage realistic plays portraying the contemporary life of New Japan. These plays are generally dramatizations of the masterpieces of living novelists, and are known as 'plays of the new school.' They were acted with success for some years, but since the dramatists are not of first-class ability, and despite the fact that certain of the actors attained considerable skill, they have now fallen in public estimation. The best known are *The Cuckoo*, a dramatization of Rokwa Tokutomi's novel of the same title, and *Foster Sisters*, by Yuho Kikuchi.

In recent years there has arisen a new school of Kabuki playwrights, a school that discards the conventions of the classical school and endeavors to adapt itself to the needs of modern audiences. Their plays have no musical accompaniment and admit little exaggeration of action. They thus possess scarcely any of the characteristics of Kabuki plays; none the less their subject-matter is always the life of Old Japan. They find a warm welcome with modern audiences who are tired of the conventionalism of the classical school. The pioneer of this school is Shoyo Tsubo-uchi, famous as a translator of Shakespeare, among whose works *A Paulownia Leaf* is the best known. The most successful writer of the movement is Kido Okamoto, author of more than a hundred pieces, the best of which are *The Tragedy at Shusenji*, *The Origin of Sake*, *Chobei of Ogurusu*, and *Lady Hosokawa*. Among other playwrights of this school, Shoyo Matsui, Shiko Yamazaki, and Roppuku Nukada call for mention.

What for want of a better name may be called modern Japanese dramas are a distinctly new phenomenon. At first they were regarded simply as dramas for the study, but through the efforts of Kanya Morita, Ennosuke Ichikawa, and certain other ambitious young actors who have successfully staged them, they have won a constantly increasing reward of public approval. Among writers of modern drama, Kichizo Nakamura, Sane-atsu Mushakoji, Masao Kume, author of *The Origin of Jizoism*, and Kwan Kikuchi, author of *The Housetop Madman*, are held in high esteem.

Translations and adaptations of European dramas once enjoyed a considerable vogue, and are nowadays played occasionally. They have exercised a great influence upon the younger generation of dramatists, and are, in fact, the prototypes of modern Japanese dramas.

This summary would not be complete without mention of two little opera-houses, one in Tokyo and the other in the vicinity of Osaka, where translations of European operas and original pieces by native composers are performed. To the young generation, which has a real taste for European music, these operas need no recommendation.

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MUNGROO, THE BEAR[1]

BY ERIC H. N. GILL

THE scene as it unfolded itself before my vision that fine spring morning was one of exceptional grandeur. A winding, picturesque gorge several hundred yards in length; its precipitous sides covered with scrub and bramble about three quarters of the way up, their tops crowned with piled-up slabs of granite and sandstone — grim, impregnable, and forbidding; the slopes inclining sharply to the bottom, and terminating in a dry stream-bed where the polished surface of the stones marked its course quite distinctly as it meandered through the undergrowth to join a sparkle of water away in the distance.

Beyond lay range upon range of flat-topped, jungle-covered hills, harboring in their midst a veritable museum of botanic interest. Here it was that one met with the *ganiar* with its wealth of brilliant yellow flowers, brought into relief by the refreshing green of the large-leaved though stunted teak and the thrice-blessed *mohua*, from whose fleshy and overpowering flowers comes the country liquor so beloved of the peasantry.

Lower in the valleys grew the milk-exuding pipal, sacred to the Hindu gods, with its heart-shaped leaves protesting vehemently against the scarlet splendor of the gigantic, thorn-stemmed simal. Lower still, the fig-fruited *bargat*, encompassing with its serpentlike roots some ancient cenotaph erected in perpetual memory of some village godling; and high up the granite precipices, clinging limpet-like to the rock-faces, the sinister 'ghost-tree,' pointing derisively with pink, diseased fingers toward those aristocratic would-be ensnarers of the deity; and, as though endeavoring to pour oil on troubled waters, the delicately fashioned *amaltas*, showering downward its beautiful cascades of yellow flowers.

The jungle was wrapt in profound silence — that weird, uncanny calm which precedes the breaking of dawn. Presently the eastern sky glowed with an opalescent light, a jungle cock crowed aggressively in the gorge, and a peacock greeted the dawn with his loud trumpeting. A monkey overhead called plaintively, and suddenly, as if at some appointed signal, the whole teeming bird-world burst into vigorous song. The medley of voices rose in joyful crescendo, when, without the least warning, there reached my ears the unmistakable sounds of a vulgar brawl, distinctly unmusical and not a little disconcerting on account of its close proximity; which brings me to the beginning of my story about Mungroo.

Mungroo, as my readers must have already guessed, was an Indian sloth bear, and a bear of bears in that wild and unfashionable tract of country. And a power in the State was old Mungroo, for the many who knew him by sight and reputation, and the few who had survived his personal acquaintance, spoke of him with bated breath. He was notorious throughout

[1] From the *Cornhill* (London literary monthly), *February*

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the range of hills fringing the Takaria Nala. Subtle, formidable, truculent, even supernatural, he dominated the sylvan surroundings with his awe-inspiring presence. Village housewives found in the mere mention of his name an infallible antidote for the waywardness of defiant and refractory children; from which my readers might conclude that Mungroo was no ordinary bear. He was not.

Some years previously Mungroo had first seen the light of day in that very Nala. For two weeks he had lain in a black cave as blind as a newborn pup, fed and cared for by the most devoted, kind, and indulgent of mothers. His wee companion, a sickly morsel, had died very shortly after birth, so, having consumed the sustenance intended for two, he had flourished and grown apace. Came a day when, with the gaudy barbets serenading each other in the silent gorge and the peacocks challenging their fellows to mortal combat, Mungroo followed his mother out of the cave and beheld for the first time the inimitable glory of an Eastern sun resting like a golden orb on the rim of the earth.

The big she-bear, however, exhibited little interest in the surrounding grandeur. Being a child of darkness, she was afraid of the light. Experience had taught her that it was just this transition period between light and darkness when her safety was most threatened. Man, her archenemy, cunningly perched on boulder or tree-top, was able to watch all her movements and plan her destruction accordingly. She licked her cub affectionately and put a great claw-surmounted paw protectingly round him. Her sensitive silvery muzzle wandered this way and that while she studied carefully the message of the wind. Then, finding the coast clear, she scrambled slowly down the precipitous slope with her offspring perched securely on her spacious back.

Thus did the little cub take his first joy-ride into the great unknown. Thus did he return the next morning and several subsequent mornings, having in the interval been taught how to grub for ants, termites, and other insect delicacies; not to mention his introduction to the intriguing flavors of the intoxicating mohua, luscious *tendu*, and delicious wild honey.

Perched comfortably on his mother's back or trotting merrily at her heels, the little cub had never a thought of danger. He was quick to notice how all other four-footed wanderers, occasionally met with, gave them right of way; and once, when returning later than usual, how some villagers had shot up trees at their approach, and how terribly angry and formidable his mother had appeared on that occasion; and yet another occasion when a rumbling growl from her had sent another bear fleeing headlong down a boulder-strewn slope. Verily his mother was the terror that stalked by night, and woe betide anyone, whether animal or human, who happened to impede her path.

Came a day when the cub sought no longer to ride on his mother's back. The mohua had all but ceased to yield its succulent fruit, and the old peacock, roosting each night on the hive-ridden simal, had grown a jeweled tail well-nigh six feet in length. An overpowering hot wind had blown unceasingly from the west, causing even the barbets to cease their vociferous serenading. A crimson sun was just having his last peep at a topsy-turvy world when the big she-bear, emerging from the cave entrance, rose steadily on her hind legs and sniffed suspiciously toward an overhanging ledge of rock. Suddenly the sylvan stillness was punctuated by the startling explosion of a rifle. A red-hot flame tore through

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her vitals, the firmament seemed to dance with a thousand brilliant lights. Followed a momentary, shadowy calm during which she could hear the fast weakening voice of her little one calling. Another blinding flash, then darkness absolute.

Above the ledge of rock a white hand passed a wad of blood money into a palm that was horny and black, while the struggling cub, enveloped in a coarse blanket, was borne off in triumph to the village.

It was in that jungle village — as the village pet, in fact — that Mungroo came by his name; and it was at that village a few months later that I made his acquaintance: a really well-formed, well-behaved, sport-loving, harmless bear of great promise, who would perform all manner of quaint tricks merely for the special privilege of being allowed to lick clean a tin of jam or golden syrup.

Those simple villagers had not been jungle-dwellers all their lives without knowing that a child of the jungle returns to the jungle, yet there was not a man — nor a woman, for that matter — who would not have wagered all his meagre belongings on Mungroo's being an exalted exception. And they were not far wrong. That great lumbering, lovable bear bade fair to justify all the faith, trust, and simple beliefs of his human foster-parents until he was faced unexpectedly with nature's greatest law. Mungroo was never restrained. It would have mattered little if he had been, for one bright starry night, when the wild plum was beginning to bear its stringent fruit and a low-lying smoke-haze spoke softly of an early winter, a plaintive, crooning call — oft repeated and remarkably human — arose from the adjoining scrub; subsided, and rose again. Mungroo, grubbing in the village dustbin, stopped to listen, and as he recognized that crooning invitation something thrilled within him — something which, unknowingly, filled a blank in his otherwise happy existence; something which would not be denied. Mungroo straightway lost interest in his grubbing, and the forest, that home of unraveled mysteries, claimed him for a spell as its own.

The simple but practical villagers wondered and speculated as to his fate, even grieved for a space, and then Mungroo, village comedian and sport of men and maidens, was relegated to the limbo of village memories. A few moons came and went, and one hot morning, when the village housewives were gathering in the last of the mohua, a huge bear strode boldly into the village. It was the once popular Mungroo, but nobody recognized him. The alarm had been sudden and general. Wiry men, armed with sticks and hatchets, emerged from every hut and made toward the intruder, who, mildly wondering what all the commotion meant, waited patiently for the onslaught.

If a slap in the face is ordinarily enough to rouse the ire, imagine the mortification attendant upon the violent impact of several sticks, not to mention the kindly ministrations of an axe or two. Mungroo's sluggish and slow-thinking brain suddenly saw red. He fought, as only a big bear can fight, with teeth and claws, and retired from the fray with an awkward limp, leaving on the field of battle two men dismembered and a third with his head scalped clean. Again the forest enfolded Mungroo in its mighty embrace, this time for good. It healed his wounds and hardened his one-time loving heart, but it did not eradicate that pathetic limp, which at once identified old Mungroo from a hundred of his kind. So here he was again, as I saw him that fine spring morning,

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the moving spirit of a vulgar brawl.

Seated on the polished surface of a gigantic rock overlooking the Takaria Nala, I watched and waited. The sounds of strife so suddenly commenced were as suddenly subdued. There followed a crash of falling débris, and down the boulder-strewn slope barged and bucketed an animated mass of black hair in a frantic endeavor to get clear of the vicinity in the shortest possible time.

Having thus seen the last of one participant, I looked about carefully for the other, and, as I half expected, saw an enormous bear, exhibiting a curious limp as he moved about, making romantic overtures to a smaller though no less enthusiastic and flattered member of the weaker sex. Mungroo was justifying his reputation with a vengeance.

A monkey coughed aggressively from a tree-top, and immediately the whole troop were chattering and jumping about like friends on a holiday. Mungroo, however, took not the least notice of them, but after some silent communion with his companion led the way down to the stream-bed and began a rapid ascent of the opposite slope. Up and up they went, never stopping or faltering, scrambling straight over rocks and boulders in their path till they arrived at the base of a rocky ridge, and there they stopped.

With a pair of powerful glasses I watched every movement. After pacing up and down the ridge for a few minutes they finally squatted opposite each other on their haunches and embraced in the most human fashion imaginable, at the same time uttering queer crooning sounds which I could hear quite distinctly. After this they separated and lay down under overhanging ledges of rock, now flat on their stomachs, now on their sides, and occasionally on their backs, with great hairy legs waving ludicrously in the air above them.

This spot, as I ascertained later, was the entrance to a cave which old Mungroo had decided to make his summer home. Duty kept me wandering in the neighborhood, and as Mungroo emerged from his underground habitation about the same hour each evening, and returned to it regularly each morning accompanied by his devoted wife, I was afforded unlimited opportunity for prying into their jealously guarded private affairs. Not that I have any apology to offer for this reprehensible conduct, for it taught me, in an irrefutable manner, how closely the follies of mankind resemble those of the brute creation.

When forest paths, beloved of man and beast on account of the immunity they offer from formidable thorns, converge in one direction there will be occasions when inadvertent meetings might not be regarded as the long arm of coincidence. Mungroo and I met not infrequently, mostly when he was accompanied by his youthful wife. Between us there had arisen an indescribable, spontaneous feeling of mutual respect — on my part for his enormous thews and formidable claws, on his for a mechanical device which, in the days of his youth, he had learned to fear, and which had become inscribed on his memory as being associated with violent explosions, acrid fumes, and sudden death. Whether he recognized me as the purveyor of golden syrup and other delectable viands which used to please his youthful palate is somewhat problematical. Personally I do not think, or rather I like not to think, that he identified me with the murderous attempt on his profligate life; but his appearance on these occasions was so awe-inspiring, and any overtures on my part so obviously ill-

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advised, that it was always with mixed feelings of sorrow and relief that I would watch him step hurriedly off the path and allow me to pursue my lawful vocation unmolested.

Mungroo's treatment of the local villagers, however, was not so courteous. He was marvelously quick at differentiating between a white and a black skin, and they never stood their ground long enough to debate the question. Being well aware of the fact that poor old Mungroo was hopelessly lame, they immediately sought to exploit the weak spot in his armor.

Thus it was that Mungroo sailed again, as he did when he first abandoned his village existence, on the uncertain sea of matrimony; and, judging from the way in which he and his mate conducted their domestic affairs, they doubtless found the world in general, and the Takaria Nala in particular, a pleasant enough place to live in. For a space nature was merciful, and they were allowed to roam the rocky fastnesses in sweet communion together. Wild plum in plenty was theirs for the asking. A tropical moon lit the way to their favorite drinking-pool, and the monkeys on the hillside witnessed again their loving embrace. Presently the plum bushes ceased to yield fruit, the luscious tendu began to ooze with yellow pulp, and the fragrant mohua dominated the atmosphere with its intoxicating odor. The exotic 'flame of the forest' was enfolding the gorge with a mantle of red, and one night Mungroo wandered into the forest alone.

At dawn he returned, only to be greeted at the cave entrance with a warning growl, telling him that he might not enter on account of the wonderful thing that had happened during the night. Mungroo halted abruptly as the sound of those ominous rumblings reached his ears, paced up and down while the full meaning of what it all meant to him permeated his senses, then, turning suddenly, his limp more pathetic than ever, he retraced his steps wearily to a distant ravine, condemned to a life of isolation, a lonely wanderer in the loneliest of worlds.

Chancing along a forest path the following morning, we met — or rather, when I observed the red soil of a termite mound flying in all directions, the motive power being supplied by a bear with an unmistakable lurch, I thought a meeting might prove instructive. Mungroo neither saw nor heard me coming, but when a stray eddy of wind conveyed the familiar human scent to his sensitive nostrils he ceased excavating and turned in my direction with an intimidating 'Woof!'

Poor old fellow! He looked tired, disheveled, and mud-bespattered. His small piglike eyes were red and inflamed, his smooth silvery muzzle streaked with crimson, in eloquent testimony to his riotous passage through the thorns in a ceaseless endeavor to shut out from his vision the suckling cubs which, in a single night, had changed his mate's affections to awful distrust. The mother-love had risen predominant within her, and he had been called upon to pay the penalty.

'Woof!' expostulated Mungroo again, and I could see that he was in no mood to be trifled with. It was with a pang of sorrow, however, that I beheld him; for his great size and formidable appearance did nothing but emphasize the picture of perfect misery which he presented, especially when his near hind-leg dragged painfully behind him. Presently his aggressive attitude changed to one of sorrowful resignation as with a deep-throated grunt he hobbled slowly away.

On that warm summer's morning,

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with the yellow tendu fruit strewing the red soil like little golden pippins, I watched him till he disappeared from view, a martyr — as we all are at one time or another — to the predominant impulse of mother-love and infant preservation.

That happened to be the last occasion on which I met Mungroo in the flesh. Administrative charges in India often comprise extensive areas, and the same duty that kept me so long in the vicinity compelled me to peregrinate farther afield. Eighteen months had passed ere I was afforded the opportunity of seeing again the Takaria Nala.

The winding gorge and surrounding hills had been a familiar sight in both their summer and winter garments. But the view that now greeted my eyes was the result of nature's most wonderful transformation. Every bare patch of soil was carpeted with a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, while across the stream-bed rushed and roared a torrent several feet deep, carrying along on its eddying surface the flotsam and jetsam of forest timber, hurtling it against rocks and over precipices with perfectly delightful abandon. The monsoon had arrived in all its life-giving force, and the whole countryside resounded with the music of long-parched rills.

Having sought and found the village oracle, I cautiously inquired about old Mungroo, whereupon the sage bowed low in respectful salutation and led the way down a forest path at the end of which a gigantic pipal reared its white, lime-encrusted branches to the sky, giving welcome shade to the foot-sore and weary. I followed close behind.

If Mungroo in the flesh was possessed of an unsavory reputation, it was nothing to be compared with that of Mungroo's spirit; nor had I ever seen anything quite so fearsome as the colossal clay effigy of a bear which suddenly obtruded itself before my startled gaze. Mungroo Deota, jungle deity and village godling, was a veritable monstrosity the like of which one seldom reads of and never sees. A string of marigolds hung incongruously from its bull-like neck, while a great vermilion gash across its face did service for an awful mouth where teeth and tongue were entirely missing. The jasmine-scented, gayly draped village damsels, whose black sparkling eyes became so appropriately demure at the approach of a stranger, worshiped reverently as they strewed the spotless parapet with edible offerings. And as I gazed on this hideous incarnation of the deity I expected each moment to see it descend from its stone pedestal and join issue with the village pi-dogs, which, snapping and snarling through life, fought vociferously for the scattered titbits. Never was godling so appointed as did thus command the terrified and unstinted veneration of a highly superstitious and credulous peasantry.

So this was the end. Not being able to return to his beloved mate, and having already experienced one painful reception at the home of his youth, Mungroo had become peevish and morose and more aggressive than ever. Wandering ceaselessly, venting his spleen on all and sundry, he had eventually become possessed of a devil and was lost to the jungle for good. At least this is what the village wiseacres implied, though they did not actually say so. Mungroo's spirit, however, masqueraded in the village each night, smiting the men with maladies unspeakable and rendering the comely housewives alarmingly unprolific. Then it was that the village elders took serious counsel together, and the local priest, suspecting, no doubt, that his powerful position was about to be

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assailed, took heart of grace, and, after propitiating the jungle gods with much slaying of goats, sprinklings, and incantations, conceived the idea of a fit commemoration. A pleasant diversion once created, enthusiasm immediately ran riot. Mungroo Deota was accordingly installed with regal honors, unanimously acclaimed, and henceforth worshiped with becoming solemnity.

I retraced my steps to camp with a sad heart, thinking of dear old Mungroo and speculating as to the share he had contributed toward the welter of gods and half-gods that ever trouble India. In exasperation I turned to the sage with a few leading questions. He listened patiently and answered quite politely, but I could see that he considered me either grossly ignorant or quite insane. Presently there reached me from the direction of the godling the musical tinkle of a happy feminine laugh, followed by the sage's most logical assertion, 'Sir, you are but the skeptical Westerner.' And I was content to leave it at that.

FIRST DAY OF SPRING

BY HENRY L. LITTLER

[*Observer*]

HERE Time droops heavy wing
As on a sudden weary of his flight
Across the years —
The snowdrops spread their coverlets of white
To tempt him to repose,
And in the woods a russet couch is mass'd
Of autumn leaves
To fasten him with visions of the Past —
May he grow ignorant
Of all this hurrying dance of happy spring
Nor mark how late
The forest and the forest-haunters sing,
But satisfied with dreams
Of harvest and the heavy-laden bough
Let some vast age
Pass beautiful and spirited as now.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE AMATEUR AND THE DILETTANTE

One of the ironies that make the philologist's life infinitely more exciting than it looks is the habit words have of beginning life in the best society and gradually getting into worse and worse company, until at last they become thoroughly disreputable. (The opposite process takes place, too, and is perhaps even more entertaining — but that is another matter.) It is all one can do nowadays to realize that the verb 'to blubber' was once as dignified as 'to sob' or 'to weep' — and that Spenser was not making game of his heroines when he used it. It is quite as difficult to appreciate that 'disgusting' once meant merely 'distasteful,' and that Dr. Johnson could apply it to all kinds of innocent things, such as blank verse and oatmeal.

The two words at the head of this page are cases in point. Are they ever used without a suggestion of contempt, or at least of condescension? 'Amateur,' to be sure, has a desirable connotation in connection with certain sports, — in the eyes of nonprofessionals, — but in every other connection it is the kind of word that is or ought to be accompanied by a lifted eyebrow. And as for 'dilettante,' it has nothing to be said for it anywhere. Yet an 'amateur' was originally a lover — presumably of good things; and a 'dilettante' a man capable of taking delight — again, presumably in the praiseworthy. What secret snobbishness is it in human nature that has thus brought contumely upon such excellent traits as that of loving things for their own sake and delighting in them without *arrière-pensée?*

Miss Sybil Thorndike, the eminent actress, recently defended 'amateurishness' in a speech at the Haymarket Theatre. She quoted Mr. Chesterton to the effect that the essence of amateurishness is the theory that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing badly. Could any theory be sounder? If all men postponed engaging in any creative or recreative activity until they could do it expertly what would become of all the experimental vitality of human life? 'When I was studying music,' says Miss Thorndike, 'and tried to play Bach, I was in despair. No, my fingers would not do it. I worried myself almost to death. But now I am an amateur I can attack anything. It is splendid. You do not want to keep to the wide path only; follow the little curly patches, from which you will get a new vision of the big highway and of something at the end.'

It takes a certain confidence in the value of experience, as such, to be a good amateur, and the modern world is probably too conscientiously utilitarian for that. Our scorn for the dilettante, according to Hermann Bahr, writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has a similar basis. 'Everyone nowadays tries his best to escape being called a dilettante. The word has a ring of the second-rate: a dilettante is to us a man who would like to do more than he really can. And we are more interested in effective ability than in anything else; we don't care about what a man

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is or what his purposes are, but simply about what he "turns out." We cannot comprehend a man who enjoys his existence so heartily that he is quite unconcerned whether anything "comes of it" or not. Actual achievement has become for us almost a measure of personality. We have forgotten that inactivity need not be indolence, and that there are types of men — men of genuine power and great inner riches — who never get anything visible done simply because they are constantly occupied with themselves, with their own spiritual lives.

'Gifted men who succeed in capturing their inspirations in the form of words, colors, or melodies are recognized as artists and held in esteem. But those other artists who have n't the power to objectify the fullness of their experience in artistic form — or whose experiences are so deep and real that they feel no need to do so — seem to us suspicious characters: what use do we have for the kind of art that remains inside the artist's personality, and that we therefore cannot take hold of? The result is that dilettantism, even of the highest and finest type, can no longer be a profession of its own. There was a time when it was a recognized calling; in the romantic period, dilettantes were regarded as indispensable to society, and sinecures were arranged for them. Nowadays we have no society, in that sense, and, though we have sinecures, they are all given to politicians.'

*

CARL SANDBURG IN ENGLAND

MR. ROBERT FROST'S reputation was first made in England, and Mr. Lindsay's dates back almost as long in that country as at home. Mr. E. A. Robinson has for some time had a devoted group of admirers there, and is becoming a more and more familiar name. Until Mr. Jonathan Cape recently undertook to publish a selection from his work, however, Mr. Carl Sandburg was virtually unknown to English readers. The *Westminster Gazette* has this to say of the Chicago poet: —

Without Miss Rebecca West's illuminating picture of Chicago in the preface, many of the *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg* would be meaningless to the average English reader, so packed are his verses with strange words and phrases, alien to our genius and our language. But Miss West contrives to make us see what is going on inside the heads of the Middle Westerners, especially those who live in Chicago. The war brought considerable additions to our ordinary talk when the American soldiers sailed over the sea in British transports, but one must still confess to ignorance of such words as 'floozies,' 'crap-shooters,' 'cahoots,' 'gazumps,' and similar gems of speech.

There is a fine courageous optimism about Mr. Carl Sandburg. Never is there the least trace of sentimentality. Work is good, for work's sake, and because man must live by the sweat of his brow. Nor does he ever suggest that the poor are unhappy because they work in sordid surroundings or that the rich are content because they have wealth and leisure. Only once is this idea touched on, in a poem about the Overland Mail, with its lighted restaurant-cars aglow, with roses and jonquils, while a railway man outside eats dry bread and sausage, as he gazes at the luxurious train and sees to its safe passing.

It is typical of modern America that this forceful singer should be a Scandinavian, born of Swedish parents, in the United States. Perhaps only the alien can see America in all its portentousness. Now, Sandburg 'stands' for the Middle West, just as Longfellow used to stand for Massachusetts. Yet he hankers, singularly enough, after a burial place in sombre Norway. His outlook on life is the virile, outspoken one of Walt Whitman, but — being a European — he has the sense of beauty inherent in an older civilization. Like Whitman, Sandburg is essentially modern; he can see the romance, the ad-

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venture, and the tragedy of great steel railway lines stretching across a continent.

But Whitman never wrote anything of such sheer beauty as the poem 'Lost,' which describes a little steamer nosing around at night in a fog, to find a harbor on Lake Michigan. This is, as they say in Paris, *de la vraie étoffe.*

✽

A THACKERAY HOUSE

LONDONERS have from time to time in the past taken care that certain houses within their precincts should be set aside as shrines to the memory of the great men who lived in them. Dickens has his memorial in the house in Doughty Street, as Carlyle has his in Chelsea, and not long ago the house in Hampstead Heath where Keats listened to the nightingale was taken over for the benefit of the faithful. Only the other day a writer in the *Times* demanded that steps be taken to make similar provision for the memory of Thackeray, far as he is from enjoying the kind of devotion lavished upon those others.

Three houses in London might be considered. In Palace Green, Kensington, is the house where he died, but its expensiveness would make purchase impracticable. There is a house in Onslow Square where he lived for half a dozen years, but, as Mr. Lewis Melville says in the *Observer*, 'it is too drab' — and it has no important associations. The house in which he wrote *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *Henry Esmond* would appear to have unanswerable claims, and this house — 'No. 13, Young Street,' near Kensington Church — has been proposed both by the *Daily Telegraph* and by Mr. Melville.

'There are not many houses in London or the world in which so much golden prose has been written as in the quaint Georgian house of Young Street,' says the *Telegraph;* and Mr. Melville reminds us that Thackeray, when he acquired it, 'was delighted with the two semi-towerlike embrasures, which, he declared, gave it the air of a feudal castle.' He also reminds us that it was this house that Thackeray was passing, in later years, with Fields, the American publisher, when he exclaimed, with mock gravity, 'Down on your knees, you rogue, for here *Vanity Fair* was penned; and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself.'

✽

UNEARTHING LONDON'S FORUM

A COMMITTEE of experts has recently been appointed by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments to collect all the known information about Roman London, or Londinium. The immediate incentive to this action was the discovery of the remains of an arcaded portico in the angle of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, on the north side, during the excavation for a new bank-building. 'The official view,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'that the find determines the site of the forum of Roman London, evidence of which has been sought so long, is not likely to be questioned by experts. It links up too closely with the discovery in the eighties of the foundations of a large building under Leadenhall Market that has been generally accepted as what is left of the basilica of Londinium, the public building — or, as we should now say, the town hall — that always stood on one side of the forum, just as the *hôtel de ville* does in a French *place* or the *municipio* in an Italian *piazza*.'

✽

ENGLISH PLAYS IN BERLIN

IN spite of Locarno, an international 'situation' is likely to be created by

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the ire of German playwrights if their English confrères continue to hold the attention of German audiences as steadily as they have done latterly. At one time not long ago three English plays were running simultaneously in Berlin theatres — Mr. Galsworthy's *Loyalties* (somewhat inaccurately translated *Gesellschaft*), Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan*, and Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. The first of these was staged with elaborate and studious care by Max Reinhardt at the Komödie theatre. 'The play, which,' as a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* observes, 'is after all a fairly broad piece of work, hardly bears the strain of all this finesse.'

The production of *Saint Joan* was a revival, — it had run for something like two hundred nights, an unheard-of period for Berlin, when first produced, — but *Rain* was seen for the first time there this winter. It was not a complete success, to judge from the reactions of critics, who were perhaps not equipped to appreciate the peculiarly 'Anglo-Saxon' problem it treats. *Rain* was also a Reinhardt production. 'The detail of the setting,' says the *Telegraph's* correspondent, 'is pre-Raphaelite in its exactness, and the small parts are as scrupulously considered as the leading rôles. . . . The play was fairly well attended, but I heard many hardened theatregoers complain of its unpleasantness; and even those unmoved by patriotic feelings to object to foreign plays see no reason why plays so unedifying as this should be imported.'

✾

ON EVENING DRESS

An anonymous woman writer in the *Spectator* not long ago, attacking masculine costuming on many grounds, reiterated a common protest against the evening clothes worn by men, as stiff, ugly, drab, and uncomfortable. In passing, she praised Mr. Arnold Bennett for having, as she said, worn a dark-purple dinner-jacket for many years — only to draw forth an indignant disavowal from that distinguished man of letters, and the assertion that her remark was nothing short of libelous.

Apparently there are other reasons for holding such costume objectionable. A controversy has raged in England over the question whether Labor leaders should wear formal evening dress. Mr. Robert Lynd, writing in the *Daily News*, disposes of this different aspect of the question: —

> As regards evening clothes, I confess quite frankly that I possess them, and that I feel no sudden inflow of vice into my system when I put them on to go out to dinner. If I have any criminal tendencies, they flourish as freely when I am in my shabbiest suit as when I am wearing a white waistcoat. Nor do my politics change with my clothes any more than my morals do.
>
> The truth is, all the denunciations of evening dress as though it were the mark of a snob and an antidemocrat to wear it are nonsense. It is no more snobbish or undemocratic to possess a dress-suit than to possess a gramophone. It is no more snobbish to put on evening clothes than to put on cricket flannels or a football jersey.
>
> A man who cannot preserve his political principles in a dress-suit has no political principles worth preserving. Artists who dress ostentatiously like artists are not always the best artists, and democrats who dress ostentatiously like democrats are not always the best democrats. The abolition of rags, not the abolition of glad rags, is the true object of democracy.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Plumed Serpent, by D. H. Lawrence. London: Martin Secker; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

JUDGMENTS of Mr. Lawrence's work have been, from the beginning, as various and irreconcilable as its judges. In regard to *The Plumed Serpent* they range from the view of a *Spectator* critic who holds that 'if this writing up of a new faith is intended for a message, then it is only a paltry one,' to the view of a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* who, admitting that Mr. Lawrence's undisciplined pathological interest keeps the book from being great literature, declares that 'page after page here is unique, and even unapproachable.' Mr. H. C. Harwood's review in the *Outlook* is representatively judicious: —

Kate Leslie, an Irish widow of forty, whom since her husband's death life has ceased to interest, comes to Mexico. The country and the people repel her; nor is her temper made smoother by the fact that her companions are Americans who can never refuse a new sensation. How she loathes dirt and oppression and under dogs and cruelty and crowds and revolutions and politics and — and everything. Civilization is a bore, and its absence a torment. She is swept by gusts of rage. But two men interest her. One is Don Ramon, a cultivated gentleman of European descent. The other is Don Cipriano, a full-blooded Indian general. These two men are up to something. She stays in Mexico to see what it is. They intend to supersede Christianity by the worship of the Aztec gods, and they succeed. Ramon is the high priest of Quetzalcoatl, the feathery serpent, and, esoterically, Quetzalcoatl himself. Cipriano is Huitzilopochtli. Kate, promised an apparently subordinate part in the Pantheon, is in love with both, but marries only the latter.

It will now be unnecessary for me to explain that *The Plumed Serpent* is not everybody's pet. If you have never read Lawrence and do not want to, or if you have read him but think him an overrated rhetorician, or if you deplore the fact that he gave up writing about coal-heavers, or if you think *Sons and Lovers* superior to *Women in Love*, or if, while agreeing that Mr. Lawrence is a great novelist, you do wish that he would write about nice things, or if you are preoccupied by planning the speech you are to make at the local literary society on 'John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett: which is the greater?' — then I cannot honestly recommend *The Plumed Serpent* to you, or ask you to bother yourself with what I have to say. The descriptions of Mexico are as good and as convincing as they could be made. But, unless you believe that Mr. Lawrence's romantic quest for a novel and more intense way of living is approximately the most important thing in contemporary literature, occasional descriptive passages will not compensate you for being bored by a long, profoundly obscure, and often tedious book.

What, however, will admirers of Mr. Lawrence make of *The Plumed Serpent?* They will agree, I think, that the author has not advanced from the *Kangaroo* stage. His imagination has not *mastered* his theme. As ever, he rises at all sorts of unexpected moments to an emotional intensity and a fierce, intuitional understanding, parallels with which can be found in no other living author. But the inspiration comes in lightning flashes. After each flash is no steady flame to light us. We plunge on and he plunges on through the darkness of chaos. When all allowances are made for Mr. Lawrence's innate mysticism, for the difficulties he meets when he tries to express his ideas in other than emotional terms, and for his unhappily increasing contempt of technique, it remains apparent that Mr. Lawrence has not advanced on his quest. Perhaps his wandering about the world is to blame. He has traveled too

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much in the body, and has not the energy to spare for his spiritual travels. *The Plumed Serpent* leaves us where *Kangaroo* did — delighted, bewildered.

What is Mr. Lawrence's quest? It is primarily romantic. The prayer of one of his characters, 'Would that the world would explode like a bomb!' is his own prayer. He cannot tolerate the philosophy content to crawl along the dead metallic surface of the world without apprehension of the immense forces stored within. Better destruction, he seems to imply, than contentment. Better nothing than the second best.

Mr. Lawrence wants to get below the surfaces of life. He is infuriated, actually infuriated, by their complexity. If he hates cruelty, as *The Plumed Serpent* shows, we know that he hates kindliness none the less. Nothing short of a passionate simplicity will content him. He is a poet. He wants life to be a savage lyric.

At first he tried to find what scientists call truth and theologians God and philosophers the absolute in personal relationships. His earliest works are determined by his belief in the high importance of human beings and their contacts. Of these contacts the sexual was not the most serious. *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers* are proofs of that. Still throughout *Kangaroo* and *The Plumed Serpent* we can find traces of this old trend in the discussion of the love of disciple for prophet.

The personal relations in general broke down under the weight of emphasis Mr. Lawrence laid upon them, and he began in *The Rainbow* to concentrate on the sexual relationship. Certainly this is, phenomenally, the most emotional. The secrecy, moreover, in which it is for the sake of decency swaddled was bound to attract a romanticist. But Mr. Lawrence is temperamentally hostile to an intimacy that necessitates sacrifice. His men can never meet women on equal terms. They must command, and wooing and comradeship are old and honorable if they do not degrade them. (In *The Plumed Serpent* the new worship of Quetzalcoatl produces a new marriage-rite in which the woman is taught her place indeed. It may also be observed that neither of the two women there to whom places in the Aztec Olympus are opened are ever actually allowed promotion to the rank of goddess.) A Freudian would say that Mr. Lawrence had imperfectly succeeded in overcrowding his dislike of sex as something improper. . . . Anyhow, in *Aaron's Rod* Mr. Lawrence repudiated it. Since then he has been looking for something to take its place.

The third stage has been Mr. Lawrence's subscription to a pseudo-scientific and confusedly metaphysical theory of glands and ganglions. As there has been a hangover from the first stage, so there has been one from the second. Mr. Lawrence still writes about sex. But it makes a good working-guide to his symbolism if we opine that whenever he mentions sex he means something else, and whenever he mentions something else he means sex. His faith is in a dark inner life, independent of the intellect, independent of the ordinary emotions; in an antediluvian age when men walked with soft feet over lost continents; in something that makes all races one and men one with the lower animals; in what scientists call truth and theologians God and philosophers reality, but Mr. Lawrence is as yet unable to define or to illustrate.

Mr. Lawrence's root difficulty is that he is not a philosopher any more than a scientist, and that his indifference to religion is no less complete than surprising. Nearly all romanticists tend to found a new cult when they do not accept an old. Mr. Lawrence is not even an agnostic. His mysticism is curiously devoid of any reference to the supernatural. He looks down at the loins, when most men of his type would look up to the heavens. The revival of Quetzalcoatl-worship gave him the opportunity of inventing a new religious ritual. This ritual is elaborate, and some of the hymns used in it lovely; but a military gymkhana has more of the religious spirit.

Is Mr. Lawrence bound, as some think, to turn to religion in the end? Or will he invent, as Shelley did, — with Plato's aid, — a substituted emotion? Or is he doomed to quest but never find, to blunder, babbling great poems and stories, about an unsympathetic world for all the length of his life? Who can say?

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Aricie Brun, by Émile Henriot. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

In every novel that deals with successive generations, whether the tone be gay or sad, the reader is conscious of a pervasive melancholy. He is depressed because he is forcibly reminded of the narrow confines of human life. In describing the family the author has inevitably robbed each individual of some of his individuality. The reader feels his own ego shrink unpleasantly. The nobility and devoted kindness of Aricie Brun soften but do not diminish this feeling. Her sacrifice, with the frustration it entails, awakens a pity that is lost in the deeper tragedy that the book suggests. Is not Aricie's conception of the family an illusion? Is she not deluded again when she sacrifices herself? Does this mean that all our neat human categories, all the values that we attach to life to give it meaning, may be equally illusory? Perhaps. This, however, is probably not a question the author intended to raise. His purpose is to show us the life during one hundred years of a French bourgeois family. That he received the award of the Académie Française is a tribute to his success. His is a careful, methodical piece of work without either the brilliance or the bitterness that Louis Couperus brought to *Small Souls*. These small souls of France are dimmer. And as Aricie grows older we find that, less loyal than she, we have forgotten the comrades of her youth. Her death comes as a relief.

The Hounds of Spring, by Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Publication.) $2.00.

After the less mature early chapters, this novel is an engrossing combination of great events in a narrative driven forward with a skilled rein, and of a wide gallery of living persons who include most of the types and fates, young and old, of whom one could easily think. The picture of the war gathering into one passionate current the earnestly serene English family of the naturalized Austrian, Sir Edgar Renner, his wife, his son John, Colin, the beloved of the elder daughter Zina, the enfeebled and starving brother in Vienna, the American nurse Hope Chase, and a number of others of varying destinies and sorts, is a picture made memorable by the author's singularly actual and living understanding and her grasp of the problems of story-telling and character-drawing. Most readers will discover certain mannerisms of style and questionable turns of plot or delineation. But the book is remarkably successful in several cardinal traits of the novel. It is interesting; its story drives forward, a high picture of tragic conflicts and desperate remedies; and its theme — war and peace, with their coil of circumstance and passion — sweeps through a large variety of very animated and persuasive human figures. Especially able is the characterization of Wendy, the younger daughter of Sir Edgar Renner. A child when the war comes on, a child when her brother is killed, she sounds the concluding note of the volume on Remembrance Day 1924, in the midst of her career at Oxford, as a girl whom the social critic may greet with hope, despair, admiration, or contempt, at choice or by turns — a free, arrogant, understanding, young, wounded, and self-reliant woman of the present age, too keenly aware of what the world has lost and of the sanctities it needs to gain.

From Dawes to Locarno, by George Glasgow. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926. $2.50.

A well-documented, up-to-the-minute book describing British and European diplomacy from the date when Austen Chamberlain became Foreign Minister in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, less than eighteen months ago, to the signing of the Locarno Agreement one year later. It is written in the flush of post-Locarno optimism, and upon the whole is the better for that reason. Something of the attitude of the author appears in the dedication — 'to those who worked for and produced the spirit of Locarno, and in particular to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M. Aristide Briand, Dr. Luther, Dr. Stresemann, Dr. Edward Beneš, M. Émile Vandervelde, Count Skrzynski, and to Signor Mussolini, over whom more tears have been shed in Heaven than over the others.' A foreword by J. Ramsay Macdonald is printed elsewhere in this issue of the *Living Age*.

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

DURING the latter part of April and the early part of May, the several Swiss cantons will be holding their open-air parliamentary meetings or Landsgemeinden at the usual places.

The eighth annual Swedish fair will be held in Gothenburg between the sixth and the thirteenth of May, with exhibits of all the most important industries of Sweden, as well as extensive exhibits of handicrafts and textiles.

Madame Melba's farewell concert in Great Britain will take place at Albert Hall during the month of May.

Important fairs will be held in France in May. At Rennes the fifth annual Commercial, Industrial, and Agricultural Exposition and Fair will be held from April 24 to May 2. Sens will be the scene of a fifth annual Fair of Agricultural Machinery and Wine-growing from April 30 to May 4. At Tours from May 8 to 16 and at Besançon from May 8 to 17 similar fairs will be held, though the official title varies from place to place.

The twenty-fourth Labor Exhibition in Alsace will run from May to July.

At Paris, from May 8 to 23, a fourth Annual Exhibition of Musical Instruments will be held at the Place de la Bourse.

Several of the famous religious festivals of Brittany known as 'Pardons' will be celebrated during the month. The so-called 'Pardon of the Birds' will be an event of the fifth Sunday after Easter, May 9, at Quimperlé; it takes place in a lovely wooded vale that swarms with song-birds. The Pardon of Saint Yves will take place on Wednesday, May 19, at Paimpol. Whitsunday and Monday, May 23 and 24, will be the occasion of a festival at Montcontour; the chief feature of this pardon is the dancing of the Breton dances to the tunes of the 'Biniou' (a kind of local bagpipe) on the magnificent esplanade of the Château des Granges. A similar celebration will be going on simultaneously at Chapelle Saint Carré. Saint Eloi (near Sizun) will hold its so-called Pardon of Horses on May 27. At Saint Herbot (near Huelgoat) on May 28 a very curious pardon will take place: peasants make offerings to the saint of tufts of hair taken from the tails of cattle in order to ensure his protection.

The International Labor Conference will be held in May at Geneva.

There will be a Singing Festival of the Canton of Berne at Interlaken from May 15 to 17.

International Horse-racing will be an event at Zurich on May 30, as well as during the summer, on June 6 and August 1.

Travelers planning to be in the Scandinavian countries early in the summer will not want to miss the Baltic Fair to be held at Stockholm the week of June 14–20. In this fair will participate Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland — so that it richly deserves its title. It will be an industrial and commercial fair, and the city is planning on the presence of a great many visitors from abroad.

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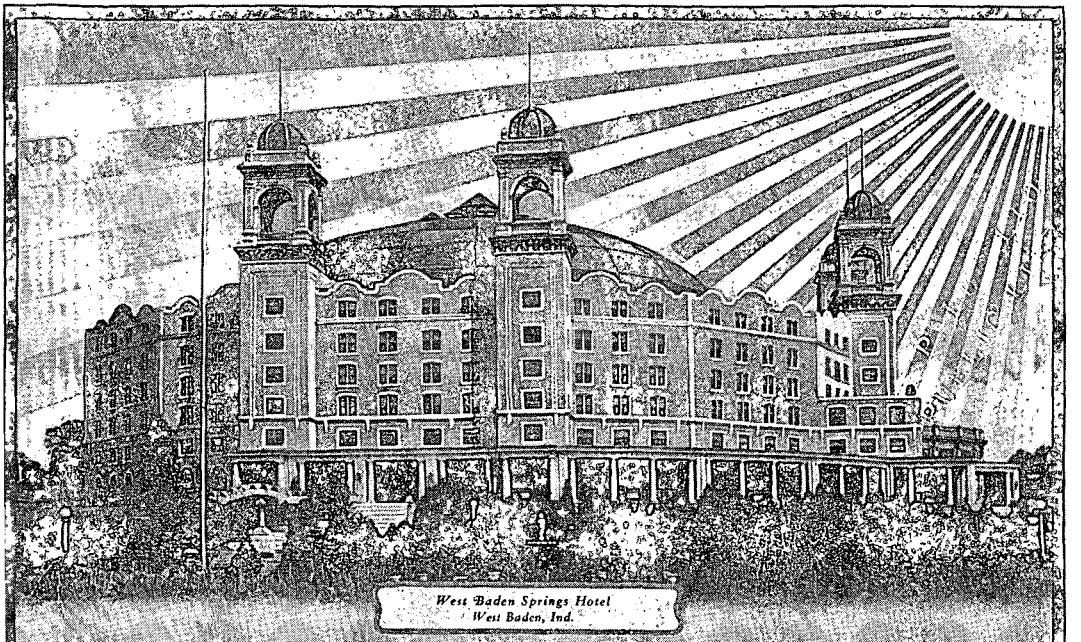

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